# Newport Mercury.

HOPE

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Patrick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6079, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dance, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss H. M. Donnelhey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE TRUTH, No. 8—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempstead. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

OLAN MULKON, No. 183—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### A Military Visit.

The Governor's Foot Guards, one of the leading military organizations of the State of Connecticut, is likely to be seen in Newport during the coming summer. The Newport Artillery Company, the oldest active military organization in the United States, has extended an invitation to the Hartford company to come here for a three days' visit and it is regarded as probable that the invitation will be accepted. If so it will not be the first time that these two splendid organizations have exchanged courtesies for the Connecticut company was entertained in Newport some years ago and the Newport Artillery has also been entertained in Hartford. If the invitation is accepted the visiting command will be lavishly entertained and will undoubtedly attract much attention here. It is composed of some of the leading citizens of Hartford.

The plans of the layout of the grounds through the naval hospital property on the harbor front have been received by authorities at the Training Station from Washington, and it is learned that the plans call for a roadway 60 feet wide to connect with the boulevard that the city proposes to put through there. Of this width 20 feet will be given to two sidewalks, each ten feet wide, leaving a clear 40 feet for the road. As the present width at the upper end of Washington street, where the boulevard will begin, is only 40 feet it is a question as to what will be the best plan to adopt in order to make the city highway conform to the road on the government property, but it is desired to make them harmonize as completely as possible. The boulevard will probably be one of the most attractive streets in Newport.

The Robert N. Carson estate on the cliffs, known as "Reef Point," has been purchased by Mr. Edward C. Knight, Jr., of Philadelphia, who owns Claradon Court which adjoins it. It is believed by many that the purchase has been made for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Jones Colford, Jr., the latter being Mr. Knight's daughter. It is said that the price paid was $200,000, the assessed valuation being $94,916.00.

Several Newporters attended the annual dinner of the Rhode Island Alumni Association of Dartmouth College on Monday evening. Hon. Nathan W. Littlefield, formerly of this city, was the toastmaster and was elected president of the association.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held Tuesday evening for the purpose of transacting the financial business of the city for the month. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Board of Health | $1,079 85 |
| Books, stationery and printing | 254 87 |
| City Asylum | 891 55 |
| Fire department | 968 17 |
| incidentals | 831 61 |
| Lighting streets | 8,003 06 |
| Burial grounds | 50 00 |
| Dog Fund | 82 00 |
| Indexing and preservation of records | 23 20 |
| Touro Jewish Synagogue fund | 40 53 |
| Tuberculosis relief | 212 15 |
| Derby fuel fund | 72 75 |
| Police | 286 42 |
| Poor Department | 111 45 |
| Public buildings | 167 82 |
| Public parks | 26 00 |
| Public schools | 12,076 55 |
| Streets and highways | 1,109 85 |
| | $20,658 70 |

The monthly report of the street commissioner was received. The applications of 85 persons for milk licenses were granted. There was some discussion about an application for a fruit vender's license but it was granted.

The session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was largely devoted to a discussion as to whether or not the board had the power to appoint standing committees, a subject which had been brought up by Alderman Mahoney at a previous meeting and had been referred to the city solicitor for an opinion. This opinion was rendered Thursday evening and was to the effect that the charter did not provide for standing committees but it was evidently the intention that the board should work on all matters as a whole. Mayor Boyle sustained this opinion, but Alderman Mahoney argued that by parliamentary usage the board had a right to vote to appoint standing committees. He moved that the board take such action but the motion was not entertained by the presiding officer.

The city solicitor also had been called upon to render an opinion as to the rights of the board to act upon the request of the chief of police for an increase of salary. The city solicitor believed that the board should wait until the matter had been passed upon by the representative council, there being no money available from which the increase might be paid.

Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved. Several annual reports were received. The forage contract was taken up and discussed. Last week it had been decided that J. G. Stevens was the lowest bidder for furnishing forage for the fire department and highway department, but it had since been figured that the city would save about $100 by dividing the contracts. The matter was therefore reconsidered, and the highway department contract was awarded to J. G. Stevens, and the fire department contract to Dennis Shanahan.

### Bailey Judgment Reduced.

In the Superior Court Judge Baker has handed down a rescript granting a new trial on the application of the defendants in the case of Elizabeth E. Underwood et al. vs. the Old Colony Street Railway Co., unless the plaintiffs remit all of the verdict that was in excess of $3000. The case has attracted much attention in this vicinity because of the nature of the accident and the large verdict that was returned by the jury.

The suit was brought by the executors of the estate of William Bailey to recover damages for his death which it is claimed followed a collision between a street car and the carriage in which he was driving. The case was heard at length before a jury in the Superior Court some months ago, and a verdict was reported of $9,500 for the plaintiff.

Counsel for the defendants petitioned for a new trial on several grounds, among them being that the verdict was not in accordance with the evidence, that the amount of the verdict was excessive, and that one of the jurors had been guilty of misconduct during the trial. These points were carefully considered by the court, and it was found that the jury disregarded the instructions by the court and returned a verdict that was excessive. Judge Baker presents his reasons, based on the average expectancy of life in a man 85 years old, for reaching a verdict of not more than $3000, and orders that unless the plaintiffs within ten days remit in writing all of the verdict in excess of $3000 a new trial will be ordered.

The management of the University Extension in Newport has already made its arrangement for the series of lectures next winter. The general subject will be "Social Conditions of Modern England," and the lecturer will be Mr. Louis U. Wilkinson, who recently lectured before the Current Topics Club here. The lectures will be later in the winter than usual, comprising the six Thursday evenings between February 15 and March 22, 1911.

Colonel C. L. F. Robinson will shortly sail for Europe.

### Apprentices Quarantined.

Much to the regret of many of the business establishments in Newport, the Training Station has this week been placed under strict quarantine on account of the discovery of a case of scarlet fever there. It is hoped and believed that this is merely an isolated case and that there will be nothing like an epidemic, and it is to prevent such a contingency that the quarantine has been put on.

Victor J. Sheridan, an apprentice seaman who has been at the Station for about six months, is the victim. How he contracted the disease is not known positively but the local health authorities do not believe that he was exposed to it in Newport as the city is said to be particularly free from contagious diseases at the present time. Sheridan, it is understood, had engaged a room in Newport, but gave this up two weeks before he was stricken with the disease, and as this is the period of incubation of the scarlet fever germs it adds considerable uncertainty to the case.

Sheridan was at once taken to the contagious ward at the station hospital, and the rest of the division which had been quartered on the Reina Mercedes were transferred to the Constellation, while the former vessel was thoroughly fumigated. The station was at once placed under quarantine and the absence of the sailors from the city streets was very noticeable. It has been about a year since the station was quarantined before, and at that time the restriction was kept in force about three weeks.

### St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. Father Mahon, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, presented the annual financial report of the parish to the members last Sunday. The report was in many respects a very pleasing and interesting one. The receipts for the year were $15,903.00 and the expenditures were $12,596.83, leaving a balance of $3,306.63 to be added to its funds in the bank. There is now in the bank the sum of $23,815.48 which may be used as a building fund. Father Mahon stated to his parishioners however that the cost of the building would be about $100,000 according to the original plans and he was not yet satisfied that it would be advisable to make a start on the building with the amount now in hand. He did not say that a start would not be made, as some of the parishioners think would be the best thing to do. The question will receive mature deliberation, and it is not impossible that a modification of the plans may be made so that a beginning can be made without saddling the parish with an overburdening debt.

When the new filter plant that is now being installed at the Newport Water Works is completed Newport will have a splendid water supply, pure and healthful. It is expected that the big business that has been done here during the past few years by the sellers of bottled spring water will then come to an untimely end. Work is being pushed as rapidly as possible, but when the contractors finish their part there will still be considerable left to do by the employes of the local company. However it is expected that the whole plant will be in working order in a comparatively short time.

Chemical engine No. 1 and a hose company had a lively fight in the restaurant of Barney Wilsker at Thames street and Kinsley's wharf Wednesday morning. It was only a still alarm, but the fire worked up through the second story and partially broke through the roof. It is supposed to have started around the stove. The loss was about $300 fully covered by insurance.

The late Mrs. William A. Jack, the mother of Dr. William A. Jack of Washington, did not marry after the death of her husband, but resided with her sons in Chicago and Washington until her death in March, 1881, in Peace Dale, R. I. It has been erroneously reported that she had married for a second time.

Miss Alice Brownell, daughter of Mrs. Seth H. Brownell, has gone abroad for five months, where she will be joined in about a month by her sister, Mrs. Ernst Behrend, of Erie, Pa.

The earnings of the Massachusetts electric system of which the Newport Street Railway is a part, increased over ten per cent. in the month of January.

Mr. David B. Allen, one of the leading colored citizens of Newport, has submitted to a successful operation at the Newport Hospital.

Miss Martha Landers has been in Providence the past week, guest of Mrs. Seth H. Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer sail for Europe next week on an extended trip.

Mr. Peter Melville is seriously ill at his home on West Marlborough street.

### Weather Forecasts.

The weather on Candlemas Day, which according to many an ancient jingle, is supposed to determine the weather for the remainder of the winter, was about as indefinite as the average weather forecast. Part of the time it was clear and part of the time, the sky was overcast. Therefore if the rest of the winter is long and severe there will be those who will assert that the groundhog prediction was entirely correct, while if we have a mild and early spring it will be just as clear evidence of the sagacity of the groundhog.

However, the Candlemas Day superstitions are not to-day as closely followed as they were some years ago. Foster's weather forecasts, as published in the MERCURY, have been found to be scientific, reliable and accurate, and are given about as far in advance as the old-fashioned breast-bone of the goose or other guesses that pleased our fathers.

Foster stands to-day as the greatest forecaster of the age. Certainly the United States Weather Bureau cannot be considered as a serious competitor, for several reasons. In the first place the bureau does not make long range forecasts. Then again, the bureau will only say that the probabilities are that the weather will be thus and so. Every time that the bureau makes a hard and fast prediction, "staking its reputation" that its prediction for a certain day and certain locality will be correct, that reputation gets a frightful jolt.

The confidence in Foster's predictions in the MERCURY is well evidenced by the careful study that they are given by the local readers who cannot always wait for the paper to come out before knowing what he says the weather is going to be. It means dollars in the ice company's pockets to know whether or not it will be advisable to open up the pond.

Miss Elizabeth Galvin and Mr. James J. Murphy were united in marriage at St. Joseph's Church in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends on Wednesday morning, the ceremony being performed by Rev. James Mahon. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Julia Galvin, as bridesmaid. Mr. William A. Murphy was the best man. After a wedding breakfast the young couple started on their wedding trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Mr. Charles D. Freeborn, who died in New Rochelle, N. Y., on Saturday of last week, was a native of Newport, and the last surviving son of Joseph Barker and Mary A. Freeborn. He was a decorator and house furnisher and had been employed in many of the fashionable houses in New York and Boston. A sister, Mrs. Charles Mayno, of Providence, survives him.

The Lenten season begins unusually early this year, Ash Wednesday coming next week. This will bring Easter Sunday on March 27th, one of the earliest Easters that have occurred for many years. It is seldom that Easter comes in March, and when it does it is so unseasonable that it hardly seems like the great spring festal day.

Mr. Robert Frame was called to Canterbury, N. H., the past week by the death of his mother, who died there on Monday in her seventy-fourth year. She leaves a husband, one son and one daughter.

Mr. William H. Leavitt is in the South to exhibit his famous painting, "The Last Supper." He will also deliver a number of lectures on his foreign travels.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Samuels, of New York, have been spending their honeymoon in this city, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wulf Petersen.

Examinations will be held at the Thayer school in this city on Saturday for the applicants for appointments to positions as census enumerators.

Mr. Raymond Marsh, son of Mrs. Charles B. Marsh, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of diphtheria, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches have arranged programmes of special services during Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas (Miss Blanche Oelrichs) are spending a portion of their honeymoon in Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe will spend the remainder of the winter at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mrs. Charles F. French was called to Metuchen, N. J., the past week by the death of her uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Adams will spend the remainder of the winter in Providence.

Mrs. Harwood E. Read, Jr., has joined her husband in Washington.

Mr. C. Philip Frank is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

### Y. M. C. A. Camera Club.

A movement is under way to start a camera club in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. In view of the fact that there is an excellent dark room in the new Vanderbilt building such a proposition seems to be entirely feasible. A couple of years ago it was proposed to start an independent camera club and at that time quite a number of those who were interested met and formed plans which might have been carried out except for the fact that it was found that the new Y. M. C. A. building would have all the accommodations they were seeking to provide for themselves. Since that time some of the active workers have removed from Newport, but it is believed that there are sufficient ambitious amateurs in Newport to make such a club a success. The Y. M. C. A. provides a dark room, and with an organization behind the workers they could get a very profitable interchange of ideas which would result in mutual benefit, and would undoubtedly develop an interest in those who do not know the pleasure to be derived from manipulation of the camera.

### Recent Deaths.

William G. Read.

Mr. William G. Read, a native of Newport, died in New York last Saturday at the advanced age of eighty-six years. When a young man he associated himself in business with his father in Charleston, S. C., afterwards coming north and entering the employ of D. A. Cushman, of New York, in the dry goods business. Later he went into Wall street with Jasper T. Van Vleck, a banker, soon becoming a partner in the firm. He retired from active business some years ago. He was a trader on the old Gold Board. He was one of the oldest members of the Stock Exchange, being admitted a member on February 26, 1869.

A widow and two daughters survive him: Mrs. Valentine Blacque of Paris and Mrs. William Oothout of New York. A younger brother, Edwin O. Read, died a few months ago. Mr. Read owned a handsome country residence at Mamaroneck.

Mr. Joseph P. Cotton, Jr., of New York, son of Captain Joseph P. Cotton of this city, is one of the counsel for Pinchot in the investigation in Washington. He has been in consultation in the case from the first. Mr. Cotton has attained an enviable position at the New York bar, especially considering the brief time that he has been engaged in the practice.

Mr. Patrick Carroll, who died in Clyde last Sunday, was the father of Dr. Henry V. Carroll of this city. He had been ill for a long time. The funeral took place on Tuesday at Phenix and was largely attended. Rev. M. F. Reddy, of St. Mary's Church, of this city was master of ceremonies at the service. The interment was in St. Mary's Cemetery at Crompton.

Miss Muriel Morris, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, of New York, is at the Muenchinger-King Cottage, she having come here for the benefit of her health. Miss Morris had a severe attack of typhoid fever last summer and was much benefited by a trip to Newport last autumn. A number of entertainments will be given in her honor during her stay here.

The senior class of the Young Men's Christian Association held an informal dinner in the Association building on Thursday evening, at which there were about forty members present. Mr. Joseph W. Blaine acted as toastmaster, and interesting remarks were made by a number of those present.

The annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society will be held in the Rogers High School Hall next Tuesday evening, February 8th, at 8 o'clock. The annual address will be delivered by Dr. Joseph H. Ladd.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allan Perkins, who has been house-keeper for Mrs. Vanderbilt at "The Breakers" for more than 20 years, has been retired with a pension.

Mr. Theodore Ambrose of New Bedford has been spending a few days in Newport, guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank W. Marshall.

Mrs. Harold Brown entertained a number of friends at a musicale at her home on Bellevue avenue Wednesday evening.

Mr. William P. Hayman has been confined to his home the past week by an attack of the grip.

The New Haven railroad has made a remarkable record of earnings in the past six months.

Commander and Mrs. Mark L. Bristol, U. S. N., have gone to Mobile for a month's visit.

Mr. Charles Whittaker is convalescing from his recent illness.

### Middletown.

Owing to other social matters the lecture to be given by Rev. Clayton E. Delamater on India will occur on next Tuesday evening Feb. 8th at the Methodist Episcopal Church, instead of Wednesday. The affair will be given under the auspices of the Epworth League and there will be a sale of home made candies.

St. Columba's Guild has contributed $50 to the foreign mission work of the Episcopal Church.

Rev. Frederick W. Goodman, rector of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes, will speak on Friday afternoon of this week at Holy Cross Guild House on his 7 year's missionary work in Alaska: 1892-1899. The lecture is given before the members of the Oliphant Reading Club and their friends and will be illustrated by the stereopticon. The meeting is the regular club afternoon and the talk will follow the usual business session. A small musical program and light refreshments will complete what promises to be a very entertaining and instructive program.

Rev. Samuel Drury rector of St. Stephen's Church, Boston, preached at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on last Sunday morning and spoke in the evening at the Berkeley Parish House to men and boys. He is a forceful speaker and held the close attention of his hearers.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chase and their son, who have been living at the James Barker house on the East Main road, have recently removed to the Christopher Elliott place on River View avenue having leased the house and land from its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sharkey of New York, for a period of two years. Mrs. Chase is the eldest daughter of the late Herman F. Peckham.

Mr. John D. Blair of Berkeley avenue, sustained a partial shock on Thursday January 27 while working in the yard near his house. Suddenly losing the use of his right arm and hand he attempted to reach the house but fell before this was accomplished. Being lifted to his feet by a passing neighbor whom he called, he again fell at the doorstep, his right leg giving out. His wife who was away for the day was called home and he was put in bed and a physician summoned, also his daughter, Mrs. Emmie LeValley, who resides in Pennsylvania, was notified.

Mrs. Le Valley arrived Saturday night and will remain for the present to assist in caring for her father. Mr. Blair is able to sit up and his mind is perfectly clear but he has only partial use of his right leg and no use whatever of his right arm and hand which seem swollen. His case seems very much like that of Mr. A. Herbert Ward, who was stricken in a similar manner about a year and a half ago. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are in Eustis, Florida, for the winter where Mr. Ward has seemed to gain in health. He was recently able to write a postal to his Middletown relatives.

The last executive board meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Church to be held before the annual conference will occur Friday evening of this week following the weekly prayer meeting.

Miss Sarah J. Chase and her sister Miss Annie Chase of Chaseville have been making an extended visit in Newport.

Plans were formulated at the Monday evening's meeting of the Young Men's Republican Club at the town hall, to give a grand social in March following their annual election of officers. A chowder supper and whist followed the business meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel H. Peabody of Honeyman Hill are entertaining their youngest son, Mr. William B. Peabody, and his wife and son from Huron, Ohio. They arrived Thursday of last week and expect to remain ten days.

Rev. Latta Griswold will give a "smoke talk" at the Berkeley Parish House on Wednesday evening of next week.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wm. N. McVicar is expected at Holy Cross Church on Sunday, February 13th, to administer the rite of Confirmation.

A memorial tablet to the late Bishop Thomas March Clarke is to be placed in the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. This missionary church was under the Bishop's direct supervision and was especially dear to him so that this tribute from those who loved him will seem particularly fitting. The rector of the chapel, Rev. Latta Griswold, is treasurer of the memorial funds.

Services at 11 a. m. will be held on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 9, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and there will be a celebration of Holy Communion.

### Express Merger.

On March 1, the Adams Express Company will take charge of all express business over the New Haven road in this district. For a number of years the express coming out from Boston by train through eastern Massachusetts has been handled by the New York & Boston Express, while the Adams has taken the trains of the Shore Line and has reached Newport by way of the Wickford route. As the Adams has long owned the New York & Boston, it has recently been decided by the management to have the Adams handle all the business. In Newport each company has an office with separate management and in every way distinct establishments. The inference is that the New York & Boston office will be closed after March 1.

It is said that the rates for through packages beyond the local limits will be materially reduced by the change, but it would be of more interest to Newport business men if the rate between Boston and Newport should be cut in half.

# The Riverman

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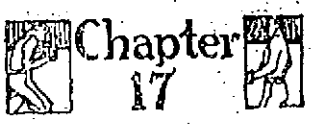
By Stewart Edward White



## Chapter 17

IT became difficult for Orde to understand the home life of the Bishops. Everybody seemed a victim to the caprice of the mother, who became hysterical at the slightest provocation and was fond of contracting imaginary ills in order to gain added attention.

The day after his walk with Gerald Bishop, Orde and Carroll had arranged for a walk. But Mrs. Bishop met them at the door and demanded that her daughter stay at home to attend to several trivial matters. But the evening turned out very well fortunately. Orde could not have stood much more. They had the parlor quite to themselves. Carroll took the cover from the full harp, and, leaning her cheek against it, she played dreamily for a half hour. Her arms were bare. Her soft bosom pressed against the broad sounding board. There is about the tones of a harp well played something luminous, like the rich, warm sunlight. When the girl muted the strings at last it seemed to Orde as though all at once the room had perceptibly darkened. He took his leave finally, his spirit soothed and restored.

Tranquillity was not for long, however. Orde's visits were naturally as frequent as possible. To them almost instantly Mrs. Bishop opposed the strong and intuitive jealousy of egotism. She had as yet no fears as to the young man's intentions, but instinctively she felt an influence that opposed her own supreme dominance.

The week passed. Orde saw as much as he could of Miss Bishop. Gerald himself seemed to be much occupied. Precisely at 11 every morning, however, he appeared at the gymnasium for his practice, and in this Orde dropped into the habit of joining him. When the young men first stripped in each other's presence they eyed each other with a secret surprise. Gerald's slender body was gracefully muscled. His bones were small, but his flesh was hard. Orde had earned from the river the torso of an ancient athlete. The round, full arch of his chest was topped by a mass of clean cut muscles. Across his back, beneath the smooth skin, the muscles rippled and ridged and dimpled with every movement. The abdomen showed the peculiar corrugation of the very strong man. His arms were magnificent.

"Murphy," called Gerald, "come here."

A very hairy, thickset, bullet headed man, the type of semiprofessional "handlers," appeared.

"Do you think you could down this fellow?" asked Gerald.

Murphy looked Orde over critically.

"Who ye ringin' in on me?" he inquired.

"This is a friend of mine," said Gerald severely. "Ever box much?" Gerald asked Orde.

"Box?" Orde laughed. "Never had time for that sort of thing. Had the gloves on a few times."

"Where did you get your training, sir?" asked the handler.

"My training," repeated Orde, puzzled. "Oh, I see! I was always pretty heavy, and I suppose the work on the river keeps a man in pretty good shape."

*She played dreamily for half an hour.*

Gerald's langor vanished. "Put on the gloves with Murphy," he suggested, "will you? I'd like to see you two at it."

"Surely," agreed Orde good naturedly. "I'm not much good at it, but I'd just as soon try."

Gerald rang a bell, and to the boy who answered he said:

"Run over to the club and find Mr. Winslow, Mr. Clark and whoever else is in the smoking room and tell them from me to come over to the gymnasium. Tell them there's some fun on."

Gerald managed a word apart with the trainer.

"Can you do him, Murphy," he whispered.

"Sure!" said the handler. "Them kind's always as slow as dray horses. They gets muscle bound."

"Give it to him," said Gerald, "but don't kill him. He's a friend of mine."

Then he stepped back, the same joy in his soul that inspires a riverman when he encounters a high banker or a cowboy as he watches the tenderfoot about to climb the broncho.

The first round was sharp.

Orde had stood like a rock, his feet planted to the door, while Murphy had circled around him, hitting at will. Orde hit back, but without landing. Nevertheless Murphy when questioned apart did not seem satisfied.

"The man's pig iron," said he. "I punched him plenty hard enough, and it didn't seem to jar him."

The gallery at one end of the running track had by now half filled with interested spectators.

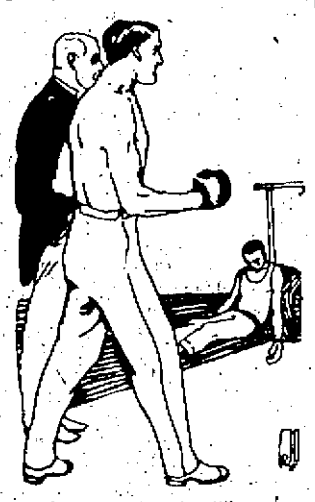
"Time!" called Gerald for round 2.

Murphy went in more viciously, aiming and measuring his blows accurately. Orde stood as before, hitting back at the elusive Murphy, but without much effect, his feet never stirring. The handler landed almost at will, but without apparent damage. He grew ugly—finally lost his head.

"Well, if ye will have it!" he muttered and aimed what was intended as a knockout blow.

Gerald uttered a half cry of warning. Orde's head snapped back; but, to the surprise of every one, the punch had no other effect, and a quick exchange of lightning sent Murphy staggering back from the encounter. The smile disappeared from Orde's face, and his eye had calmed.

Orde turned back to his antagonist. The latter advanced once more, his bullet head sunk between his shoulders, his little eyes twinkling. Like a tiger Orde sprang forward, hitting out fiercely, first with one hand, then with the other. Murphy gave ground, blocked, ducked, exerted all a ring general's skill either to stop or avoid the rush. Orde followed him, insistent. Murphy ducked in and planted a number of short arm jabs at close range. The round ended almost immediately to a storm of applause from the galleries.



*He lay quite still.*

Orde sprang at his adversary in the third, repeating the headlong rush with which the previous round had ended. The young man hammered away tirelessly, insistently, delivering a hurricane of his two handed blows, pressing relentlessly in as Murphy shifted and gave ground, his head up, his eyes steady. The gallery was in an uproar. Perspiration stood out all over Murphy's body. His blows failed of their effect, and some of Orde's were landing. At length, bewildered, he closed in to straight slugging, stand up, give and take.

Orde dropped slightly his right shoulder behind his next blow. The glove crashed straight as a pile driver through Murphy's upraised hands to his face. The trainer was hurled through the air to land doubled up against the parallel bars. There he lay quite still.

When, however, Orde perceived that Murphy was unconscious he ran forward to the professional's side.

"Do you suppose he's killed?" he gasped.

"He's just knocked out," reassured one of the men.

The clubmen crowded about.

"You're a wonder, my friend," said one.

"By Jove, he's hardly breathing fast after all that rushing," said a second.

Later, when the young men were resting after a rubdown, the true significance of the affair for Orde came out. Since the fight Gerald's customary lassitude was gone. His eye was bright, and a color mounted beneath the pale olive of his skin. He looked across at Orde several times, hesitated and at last decided to speak.

"Look here, Orde," said he, "I want to confess something. When you first came I had lots of fun about you. You know your clothes aren't quite the thing, and I thought your manner was queer. I want to apologize. You're a man, and I like you better than any fellow I've met for a long time. And if there's any trouble—in the future—I'm on your side. You know what I mean."

"Bishop," was Orde's reply, "you're not near so much of a dandy as you think you are."

## Chapter 18

IN the course of the happy moments he had alone with Carroll, Orde arrived at a more intimate plane of conversation with her. He came to an understanding of her unquestioning acceptance of Mrs. Bishop's attitude. Carroll truly believed that none but herself could perform for her mother the various petty offices that lady demanded from her next of kin and that her practical slavery was due by every consideration of filial affection. In his hotel room he brooded over the state of affairs until his thoughts took a very gloomy tinge indeed. To begin with, in spite of his mother's assurance he had no faith in his own cause. His acquaintance with Carroll was but an affair of months, and their actual meetings comprised incredibly few days. Orde was naturally humble minded. It did not seem conceivable to him that he could win her without a long courtship. And superadded was the almost intolerable weight of Carroll's ideas as to her dogged duties.

Nevertheless, at the very moment when he had made up his mind that it would be utterly useless even to indulge in hope [illegible] years to come, he spoke. It came about suddenly and entirely without premeditation.

The two had escaped for a breath of air late in the evening. Following the conventions, they merely strolled to the end of the block and back, always within sight of the house. Carroll was in a tired and pensive mood. She held her head back, breathing deeply.

"It's only a little strip, but it's the stars," said she, looking up to the sky between the houses. "They're so quiet and calm and big."

She seemed to Orde for the first time like a little girl. A wave of tenderness lifted Orde from his feet. He leaned over, his breath coming quickly.

"Carroll!" he said.

She shrank back.

"No, no! You mustn't!" she cried. She did not pretend to misunderstand.

"It's life or death with me," he said.

"I must not!" she cried, fluttering like a bird. "I promised myself long ago that I must always, always take care of mother."

"Please, please, dear," pleaded Orde. He had nothing more to say than this, just the simple incoherent symbols of pleading, but in such crises it is rather the soul than the tongue that speaks. His hand met hers and closed about it.

"Don't you care for me, dear?" asked Orde very gently.

"I have no right to tell you that," answered she. "I have tried, oh, so hard, to keep you from saying this, for I knew I had no right to hear you."

"You do care for me!" he cried.

They had mounted the steps and stood just within the vestibule.

"Carroll," cried Orde, "tell me that you love me! Tell me that you'll marry me!"

"It would kill mother if I should leave her," she said sadly.

"But you must marry me," pleaded Orde. "We are made for each other. God meant us for each other."

"It would have to be after a great many years," she said, doubtfully. "Good night. Come to me tomorrow." She slipped inside the half open door.

Orde turned away and walked up the street, his eyes so blinded by the greater glory that he all but ran down an inoffensive passerby. Then as the first effervescence died a more gloomy view of the situation came uppermost. To his heated imagination the deadlock seemed complete. Carroll's devotion to what she considered her duty appeared unbreakable. And then his fighting blood surged back to his heart.

The fever of the argument coursed through his veins all that long night until daylight found him weary and fevered. By a tremendous effort he restrained himself from going over to Ninth street until the middle of the morning.

*"I will marry you whenever you say."*

He entered the drawing room to find her seated at the piano. His heart bounded. She did not look up until he stood almost at her shoulder. Then she turned and held out both her hands.

"It is no use, Jack," she said. "I care for you too much. I will marry you whenever you say."

## Chapter 19

ORDE found a note at the hotel the next day asking him to be in Washington square at half past 2. Carroll met him with a bright smile.

"Things aren't quite right at home," she said. "It is a great shock to poor mother at first, and she feels very strongly. Oh, it isn't you, dear; it's the notion that I can care for anybody but her. You see, she's been used to the other idea so long that I suppose it seemed a part of the universe to her. She'll get used to it after a little, but it takes time."

Orde examined her face anxiously. Two bright red spots burned on her cheeks; her eyes flashed with a nervous animation.

She smiled up at him.

"We have to pay for the good things in life, don't we, dear? And they are worth it. We must not be too impatient. Now, let's enjoy the day."

At 5 o'clock Orde took her back to her doorstep.

This went on several days.

Orde saw that the strain was beginning to tell. Carroll's worried expression grew from day to day.

From Gerald at his club Orde sought more intimate news of what was going on.

Little by little Orde's eager questions drew out the truth of the situation. Mrs. Bishop had shut herself up in a blind and incredible obstinacy, whence she sallied with floods of complaints, tears, accusations, despairs, reproaches, vows, hysterics—all the battery of the woman misunderstood. If Carroll undertook to say anything the third word would start her mother off into one of her long and hysterical tirades. Her child had disobeyed her. And as a climax she had assumed the impregnable position of a complete prostration, wherein she demanded the minute care of an invalid in the crisis of a disorder. The mere mention of the subject nearest Carroll's heart brought the feeble complaint:

"Do you want to kill me?"

The only scrap of victory to be snatched from this stricken field was the fact that Carroll insisted on going to meet her lover every afternoon. Though he fretted under the tyranny, Orde could see nothing which could relieve the situation save his own withdrawal. He had already long overstayed his visit. Important affairs connected with his work demanded his attention. He had the comfort of Carroll's love assured.

The morning after he had reached this conclusion he again met Gerald at the gymnasium.

"Orde," said Gerald suddenly, "I'm worried about Carroll. Mother has commenced bothering her again. It wasn't so bad as long as she stuck to daytime, but now she's taken to prowling in a dozen times a night. I hear their voices for an hour or so at a time. I'm afraid it's beginning to wear on Carroll more than you realize."

"Thank you," said Orde briefly and departed.

At his hotel Orde found a telegram. He did not open it until he had reached his own room. It was from home, urging his immediate return for the acceptance of some contracted work.

"To h— with the contracted work!" he muttered savagely and, calling a bellboy, sent an answer very much to that effect.

He was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he called without turning his head.

He heard the door open and shut. After a moment he looked around. Kendrick Bishop stood watching him.

Orde looked at him curiously and saw that he was suffering from an intense excitement. His frame trembled convulsively; his lips were white; his face went red and pale by turns.

*He burst from the room.*

"You've got to let my mother alone," he managed to say finally. "You've brought her to the point of death. You're hounding her to her grave."

Orde thought to catch the echo of quotation in these words.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Orde after a moment of thought.

"Go away," cried Kendrick.

"I cannot do that."

Kendrick's face assumed a livid pallor, and his eyes seemed to turn black with excitement. Trembling in every limb, but without hesitation, he advanced on Orde, drew a short riding whip from beneath his coat and slashed the young man across the face. Orde looked steadily at the boy. Once again Kendrick lift, raised his arm for the third time, hesitated. His lips writhed, and then, with a sob, he cast the little whip from him and burst from the room.

"Poor youngster!" Orde murmured.

The next day Carroll came to him with hurried, nervous steps, her usually pale cheeks mounting danger signals of flaming red, her eyes swimming.

Orde did not attempt as yet to draw from her the cause of this unusual agitation. A park bench stood between two dense bushes, screened from all directions save one. To this he led her.

"This thing has got to quit," said he grimly.

A carriage rolled near and discharged its single passenger on the pavement.

"It's Gerald!" cried Carroll.

The young man, catching sight of them, picked his way daintily and leisurely toward them.

"I have brought," said he, "a carriage, and I wish you would both do me the favor to accompany me on a short excursion."

The three—Carroll and Orde somewhat bewildered—took their seats. After an interval the carriage drew up opposite a brownstone dwelling. The three were ushered by a discreet and elderly maid into a little square reception room.

"I have brought you here, among other purposes, to hear from me a little brief wisdom drawn from experience and the observation of life," Gerald began, addressing his expectant and curious guests. "That wisdom is briefly this: There comes a time in the affairs of every household when a man must assert himself as the ruler. In all the details he may depend on the woman's judgment, experience and knowledge, but when it comes to the big crises, where life is deflected into one channel or the other, then, unless the man does the deciding, he is lost forever and his happiness and the happiness of those who depend on him. This is abstruse, but I come to the particular application shortly."

"This may be all very true, Gerald," said Orde, "but I fail to see why you have brought us to this strange house to tell it."

"In a moment," replied Gerald. "Have patience. Believing that thoroughly, I have come in the last twenty-four hours to a decision."

He produced a paper and a package from his inside pocket.

"I have here," he went on suddenly, "marriage papers duly made out. In this package is a plain gold ring. In the next room is waiting by prearrangement a very good friend of mine in the clergy. Personally I am at your disposal."

He looked at them expectantly.

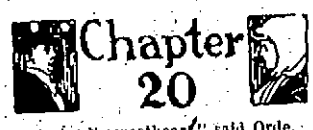
"The very thing!"

"Oh, no!" cried Orde and Carroll in unison.

Ten minutes later the three passed through the door into the back apartment.

They found waiting a young clergyman with two young girls. At the sight of Carroll these latter rushed forward and overwhelmed her with endearments.

In fifteen minutes the little party separated amid a chatter of congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Orde drove away.



## Chapter 20

"MY sweetheart," said Orde.

"Poor mother! I wonder how she'll take it."

In the hallway of the Bishop house Orde kissed her.

"Be brave, sweetheart," said he, "but remember that now you're my wife."

Orde sat in the dim parlor for what seemed to be an interminable period. Occasionally the sounds of distant voices rose to his ear and died away again. Finally he heard the rustle of the portieres and turned to see the dim form of the general.

"Bad business! Bad business!" muttered the old man. "It's very hard on me. Perhaps you did the right thing. You must be good to her, but I cannot countenance this affair. It was most high handed, sir!"

Finally, after another interval, Carroll returned. She was sobbing violently. She came to him and for the moment hid her face against his breast. After a little she controlled herself.

"Jack, we must go tonight. She—she has ordered me out of the house and says she never wants to see my face again." She broke down for a second. "Oh, Jack, she can't mean that! And she's very bitter against Gerald. Oh, I told her it wasn't his fault, but she won't listen. She sent for that odious Mr. Merritt—her rector, you know—and he supported her. I believe he's angry because we did not go to him."

"Can't you just pack a bag and leave the rest until tomorrow? It's about hungry time."

"She says I must take every stitch belonging to me tonight."

They packed trunks until late that night. Carroll and Orde walked together to the hotel. Next morning an interview with Gerald confirmed them in their resolution of immediate departure.

"She is set in her opposition now, and at present she believes firmly that her influence will separate you."

Gerald smiled his fine smile.

"Goodby," said he. "Going to a train is useless and a bore to everybody."

Carroll threw herself on his neck in an excess of passionate weeping.

At the station the general appeared.

"There, there!" he fussed. "If your mother should hear of my being here it would be a very bad business. And you, sir, be good to her. And write your daddy, Carroll. He'll be lonesome for you." He blew his nose very loudly. "Here, my dear, open this envelope when you are well started. It may help cheer the journey."

*"And write your daddy, Carroll."*

He hurried them through the gate.

Carroll opened the envelope. It contained a check for $1,000.

"Dear old daddy!" she murmured. "Our only wedding present!"

## Chapter 21

THE winter months were spent at Monrovia, where Orde and his wife lived for a time at the hotel.

Carroll soon became acquainted with the life of the place. Monrovia consisted of an upper stratum of mill owners and lumber operators, possessed of considerable wealth and some cultivation; a gawky middle estate of storekeepers and the lumber mill operatives. The class first mentioned comprised a small coterie, among whom Carroll soon found two or three congenials—Edith Fuller, wife of the bank cashier; Valerie Catheart, whose husband had been killed in the civil war; Clara Taylor, wife of the leading lawyer of the village, and, strangely enough, Mina Heinzman, the sixteen-year-old daughter of old Heinz-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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| New Haven, Ar. | | 1.56 | 4.56 | 9.10 |
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## Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 6.40, a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the even hour and half past the odd hour until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15, p. m. Sundays, 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 6.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.30 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Sundays 6.30 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River, (for Stone Bridge only) 4.50 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Return leave Stone Bridge for Fall River 5.25 p. m. and 5.45 p. m. Do not run Sundays.

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Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.4a a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 8.00 p. m. Sundays 7.50 a. m., then the same as week days.

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Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.13 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 8.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

R. E. POLLOCK, Gen'l Supt. T. H. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.


### The Battery.

There had again been trouble in the O'Hagan household, and O'Hagan had the word of sympathy when he next met his neighbor.

"'Tis not much of a team ye make, ye and yer wolfe," said O'Hagan.

"An' that's where ye're wrong," said O'Hagan. "'Tis the foine team we make entirely. Me wolfe pitches an' Oi catches."—Puck.

### A Fixture.

Mistress—Bridget, I hope you're not the sort of girl who quits her job?

Cook—No, mum; I'm a regular Depew!—Puck.

## THE RIVERMAN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

man, the lumberman. Though later the old German and Orde locked in serious struggle on the river, they continued to meet socially quite as usual, and the daughter of one and the wife of the other never suspected anything out of the ordinary.

Newmark received the news of his partner's marriage without surprise, but with a sardonic gleam in his eye. He called promptly, conversed politely for a half hour and then took his leave.

"How do you like him?" asked Orde.

"He's a very shrewd man."

Orde laughed.

"I don't dislike him," said Carroll. "I've not a thing against him. But we could never be in the slightest degree sympathetic. He and I don't—don't"—

"Don't jibe," Orde finished for her. "I didn't think you would. Joe's not much of a society bug."

Newmark had rented a small one story house situated just off Main street. Into this he retired as a snail into its shell. At first he took his meals at the hotel, but later he imported an impassive, secretive manservant, who took charge of him completely. Neither master nor man made any friends. Carroll and Orde, out for a walk, passed this quaint little place.

*"Goodby," she said.*

"Jack," she begged, "I want a little house like that for our very own."

"We can't afford it, sweetheart."

"Not to own," she explained, "just to rent. It will be next best to having a home of our own."

"We'd have to have a girl, dear," said Orde, "and we can't even afford that yet."

"A girl!" she cried indignantly.

"You couldn't do the housework and the cooking," said Orde. "You've never done such a thing in your life, and I won't have my little girl slaving."

"It won't be slaving; it will be fun, just like playing housekeeping," protested Carroll. "And I've got to learn some time. I was brought up most absurdly, and I realize it now."

"We'll see," said Orde vaguely.

Later Carroll brought the subject up again, armed with sheets of paper covered with figures showing how much cheaper it would be to keep house than to board.

"You certainly make out a strong case—on paper," laughed Orde. "If you buy a rooster and a hen and she raises two broods at the end of a year you'll have twenty-six, and if they all breed, even allowing half roosters, you'll have over 300, and if they all breed you'll have about 3,500, and if"—

"Stop, stop!" cried Carroll, covering her ears.

"All right," agreed Orde equably, "but that's the way it figures. Funny the earth isn't overrun with chickens, isn't it?"

Two days later Orde took her one block up the street to look at a tiny little house tucked on a fifty foot lot beneath the shadow of the church.

"It's mighty little," said he. "I'll have to go out in the hall to change my collar."

They ended by renting the little house, and Carroll took charge of it delightedly. What difficulties she overcame and what laughable and cryable mistakes she made only those who have encountered a like situation could realize.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it?" said he.

"Kind of," she admitted, nodding gravely.

The business of the firm was now in shape. Boom arrangements had been made, the tugs were in the water, supplies and equipments were stored away, the foremen of the crews engaged and the crews themselves pretty well picked out. Almost before they knew it January and February had flown.

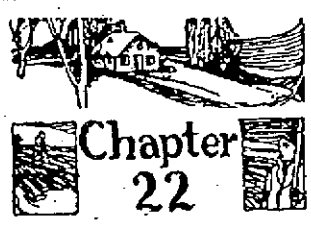
"We must pack up, sweetheart," said Orde.

"It's only yesterday that we came," she cried regretfully.

At Redding they explored together for three days the delights of the old fashioned house. Then Orde assumed his woods clothes and marched off down the street, carrying his bag on his back.

"He looks like a conqueror of wildernesses," cried Carroll, straining her eyes after his vanishing figure. Suddenly she darted after him. She clasped him by the shoulders.

"Goodby," she said. "You'll take better care of my sweetheart than you ever did of Jack Orde, won't you, dear?"





## Chapter 22

ORDE had made his dispositions as the general disposes of his army. At this point five men could keep the river clear; at that rapid it would require twenty, and yet an emergency might call for thirty. Those thirty must not be beyond reach. Among the remoter wildernesses every section must have its driving camp. The crews of each would be expected to keep clear and running their own "beats" on the river. As fast as the rear crew should overtake these divisions either it would absorb them or the members of them would be thrown forward beyond the lowermost beat, to take charge of a new division downstream. A walking boss would trudge the river trail or ride the logs holding the correlation of these many units. Orde himself would drive up and down the river, overseeing the whole campaign.

Orde found himself rather short handed. He had counted on three hundred men for his crews, but scrape and scratch as he would he was unable to gather over 250. However, later, when the woods camps should break up, he would pick up more men.

*"I'm working for you now."*

"They won't be rivermen like my old crew, though," said Orde regretfully to Tom North, the walking boss.

Until the logs should be well adrift Orde had resolved to boss the rear crew himself.

The rear crew being farthest up stream, Orde had taken the contract to break the rollways belonging to Carlin, which would be piled on the bank. Thus he could get to work immediately at the breakup and without waiting for some one else. The lumber in Carlin's drive would keep the men below busy until the other owners should also have put their season's cut afloat.

The ice went out early. When the river ran clear in its lower reaches he took his rear crew to Carlin's rollways. This crew was forty in number, a hard bitten, tough band of veterans, weather beaten, scarred in numerous fights or by the backwoods scourge of smallpox, compact, muscular, fearless, loyal, outspoken and free to criticise—in short, men to do great things under a strong leader. The breaking of the rollways began. The logs had been hauled to the river, where they were banked in piles twenty and even thirty feet in height. The bed of the stream itself was filled with them for a mile, save in a narrow channel left down through the middle to allow for some flow of water; the banks were piled with them, side on, ready to roll down at the urging of the men.

First the entire crew by means of its peavies rolled the lower logs into the current to be rapidly borne away. Some tiers would be stuck together by ice and considerable prying and heaving were necessary in order to crack them apart. But forty men soon had the river full. Orde detailed some six or eight to drop below in order that the river might run clear to the next section, where the next crew would take up the task. These men walked to the edges of the rollway, rolled a log apiece into the water, stepped aboard, leaned against their peavies and were swept away by the swift current. The logs on which they stood whirled in the eddies, careened against other timbers, slackened speed, shot away. Never did the riders alter their poses of easy equilibrium.

The evening of the second day Orde received a visit from Jim Denning, foreman of the next section below, bringing with him Charlie, the cook of Daly's last year's drive.

"This fellow drifted in tonight two days late after a drunk, and he tells a mighty queer story," said Denning. "He says a crew of sixty had men from the Saginaw have been sent in by Heinzman just to fight and annoy us."

"Well, where are they?"

"Don't know."

"Bring him over and let's hear the story," said Orde.

"It's straight, Mr. Orde," said the cook, approaching. "There's a big crew brought in from the Saginaw waters to do you up. They're supposed to be over here to run his drive, but really they's goin' to fight and raise h—, for why would he want sixty men to break out them little rollways of his'n up at the headwaters? He only owns a 'forty' up there, and it ain't more'n half cut anyway."

"I didn't know he owned any."

"Yes, sir. He bought that little Johnson piece last winter."

"Is he breaking out his rollways below?" Orde asked Denning.

"No, sir," struck in Charlie, "he kin't."

"How do you happen to be so wise?" inquired Orde.

"Well," explained Charlie, "when I got back from the woods last week I just sort of happened into McNeill's place. I wasn't drinkin' a drop!" he cried virtuously in answer to Orde's smile.

"Of course not," said Orde. "I was just thinking of the last time we were in there together."

"That's just it!" cried Charlie. "They was always sore at you about that. Well, in blew old man Heinzman and McNeill himself. I just lay low and heard their talk. They didn't see me, so they opened her up while."

"What did you hear?"

"Well, McNeill he agreed to get a gang of bad ones from the Saginaw to run in on the river. And McNeill said, 'That's all right about the cash, Mr. Heinzman, but I been figgerin' on gettin' even with Orde for some myself.' He's payin' them $4 a day. Now, who'd pay that for just river work?"

Orde nodded at Jim Denning.

"Hold on, Charlie," said he. "Why are you giving all this away if you were working for Heinzman?"

"I'm workin' for you now," replied Charlie with dignity. "And, besides, you helped me out once yourself."

"If that crew's been sent in there it means only one thing at that end of the line," said Orde.

"Sure. They're sent up to waste out the water in the reservoir and hang this end of the drive," replied Denning.

"What would you do?" asked Orde.

"Well," said Denning slowly and with a certain grim joy, "I don't bet those Saginaw river pigs are any more two fisted than the boys on this river I'd go up and clean 'em out."

"Won't do," negatived Orde briefly. "In the first place, as you know very well, we're short handed now, and we can't spare the men from the work. In the second place, we'd hang up sure.

"It isn't a fair game. Delay will hang us. Taking men off the work will hang us. I've got to see what can be done by talking to them."

"Talking!" Denning snorted. "You might as well whistle down the draft pipe of hades! They'll kill you, sure!"

"I'm scared. I'm willing to admit it. But I don't see what else to do. Of course he's got no rights, but what good does that do us after our water is gone? And, Jim, my son, if we hang this drive I'll be hurled so deep I never will dig myself out. No; I've got to go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### On a Sailing Vessel.

Instead of the usual routine work on a steamer—paint washing and so forth—the work on a sailing ship varies widely. It may be making or shortening sail, bending or unbending line or heavy weather canvas, squaring in or bracing up the yards, tacking or wearing ship, and, no matter what the labor, one always had the satisfaction of seeing the result. The speed and sailing qualities of a vessel were things that could be discussed with interest as well as the length of passage. In bad weather, when excitement ran high and cursing was considered quite in order, struggling up aloft with wet or frozen canvas—one hand for the ship and the other for yourself—on a dark, dirty night put a man on his mettle, and should the foresail be handled or the main topsail settled and the cry of "Splice the main brace!" be heard—well, one felt at peace with the world.

In the tropics catching sharks, harpooning dolphins and porpoises, singing, dancing, telling yarns and reading over old love letters are diversions not easily forgotten by those who have experienced them. Being becalmed in the tropics on a beautiful moonlight night brought home to one the beauties and wonders of nature and the existence of a God with whom one felt in closer touch on such nights as these.—A British Marine Officer in Atlantic.

### Slightly Acquainted.

As an instance of the "marrying in haste" principle that obtains in some American cities an English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody.

One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress, "we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I can get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you; but, you see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."—London Answers.

### A Mean Trick.

"Talking of mean tricks," said the big man, "there was Ballantine. This man Ballantine came in late to a song recital at Palm Beach, and there wasn't a vacant seat in the house.

"Ballantine noticed Mrs. Jerome Blank. Mrs. Jerome Blank, he knew, had a very handsome husband that she kept a strict watch over. She didn't like him to associate with any of the fair sex.

"Ballantine, edging near to Mrs. Blank, who had an excellent seat, said in a loud voice to a friend:

"'Who was that enormously pretty girl I saw Jerome Blank talking to on the pier?'

"In about four seconds Mrs. Blank was gone and Ballantine was seated comfortably in her chair."—Kansas City Star.

### A Curious Experience.

Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist, once had a curious experience. He was in a printing office correcting the proofs in his "Delinquent Man" with the chief reader when on reaching a page which dealt with a young man who, impelled by jealousy, had stabbed his fiancee he made a surprising discovery. The proofreader was this man.

"Suddenly," Lombroso said in telling the story, "he threw himself at my feet, declaring that he would commit suicide if I published this story with his name. His face, before very gentle, was completely altered and almost terrifying, and I was really afraid that he would kill himself or me on the spot. I tore up the proofs and for several editions omitted his story."

### Cooking Your Goose.

The phrase "I'll cook your goose for you" originated in this manner: Eric, king of Sweden, coming to a certain town, besieged it, but, having few soldiers, was obliged to desist. The inhabitants in derision hung out from the walls a goose on a pole. Later Eric returned with reenforcements and in reply to the challenge of the heralds observed that he had come "to cook their goose for them" and proceeded to storm the town and make it hot for the inhabitants.

## THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
*Press Correspondent New York State Grange*

## OLD DOCUMENT FOUND

### Letter Written by Founder O. H. Kelly Forty-two Years Ago.

**Formative Period of the Order When Our Present Subordinate Granges Were Called "Temples of Industry." Perfecting the Ritual.**

The following letter was discovered some time ago by the editor of the Country Gentleman in clearing out a long forgotten package of papers:

Editors Country Gentleman—I inclose a slip for your consideration, and if it meets your views we shall be pleased to have you interested in the organization. We are receiving the most cheering encouragement from all parts of the country. Any suggestions from you to aid in perfecting the work will be most cheerfully considered. We earnestly desire that nothing be published until you can examine the ritual. O. H. KELLY.

Washington, Nov. 6, 1867.

The inclosed slip is as follows:

"A number of gentlemen engaged in agriculture and its kindred branches in different states are now perfecting a ritual for an Order to be composed wholly of persons, male and female, directly interested in agricultural pursuits. The Order will secure to its members all the advantages of Masonry; but, while that is speculative, this will be operative, its main object being to encourage and advance education in all branches of agriculture.

"The Order will have its 'lodges,' known as 'temples of industry' or similar appellation. The work in a 'temple' will be divided into four degrees. The ceremonies of passing from one degree to the other are made pleasing and instructive. Every tool used in agriculture has its appropriate lecture, the aim being to instruct practically and morally in every possible way and also add an interest to the most noble of all occupations, the cultivation of the soil.

"It is believed that by admitting the young folks of both sexes at fourteen or sixteen years of age it will have a tendency to instill in their minds a fondness for rural life and prevent in a great measure so many of them flocking to the cities, where all occupations are now crowded, and at the same time depriving the country of that class of young men so much needed there.

"The ceremonies in the degrees for the ladies are slightly different, but of the same nature and intended to lighten and render their household duties more pleasing.

"The whole, it is believed, will do much toward elevating our occupation as well as establishing a unity of sentiment among the farmers of the country and materially increase the circulation of publications devoted to the interests of agriculture and consequent increase of knowledge.

"Politics and religion are not subjects of discussion. Private work of the Order will occupy one evening each month. Public meetings for lectures and discussions are purposed to be held once a week. Libraries and museums—the latter to contain, among other things, samples of each year's crop of all cereal productions—are considered necessary appendages to each temple.

"It is designed to have at least one temple in each county, with one delegate from each to the state temple. These will send one delegate each to the national temple, which is to be the head of the Order. Persons holding office under government cannot be delegates to either the state or national temple.

"Should such an organization meet your approval and you see fit to offer any suggestions to enable the originators to make further improvements before it is introduced to the public the same will be most cordially received and duly considered."

### A Successful Grange Store.

It is generally recognized throughout the east that the Houlton (Me.) grange has gone a little further in the matter of successful cooperation than any group of farmers in New England. For several years the farm members of that grange have been doing very commendable work along cooperative lines. In this connection it is interesting to note the financial statement of the grange store, made July 11 last. It will be recalled that this store is only one of the several enterprises in which Houlton grange is interested. The report in question shows total assets of $19,781. This is inventoried as follows: Goods on hand, $12,956; cash on hand, $6,289; due from wool, $500, and due from grange, $34. The liabilities approximate $14,756, leaving an excess of assets over liabilities of $5,025. This is a net increase for six months of over $5,000.

### It Costs Too Much.

Once in awhile we run across a man who thinks it costs too much to belong to the grange. Sometimes the grange gets the notion that it will petition the state grange to have the yearly dues reduced. The lecturer of the Ohio state grange gives a wise answer to a questioner who asks if the present is not a good time to reduce grange dues. He replies that if it is not worth 10 cents a month to be a member of the grange, with all its benefits, particularly those derived through state and national legislation in the farmers' interest, then it is worth nothing. True enough!


## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher



## JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139
Thames Street,

DEALER IN

## Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

## Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s
CLOTHING.



## Seaboard Air Line Ry

SHORTEST LINE TO
FLORIDA and SOUTHWEST
DIRECT ROUTE TO
Pinehurst, Camden, Jacksonville
and all Florida Resorts.

Through Pullman trains without change. Cafe dining cars. Direct connection from New England points at New York and Washington. Tourists' tickets now on sale at reduced rates via all-rail or steamer and rail, allowing stop-over privileges.

For booklets on winter resorts and schedules of trains apply to
CHAS. L. LONGSDORF, N. E. P. A.
360 Washington Street, Boston.



GOLDBECK'S
## Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it ensures quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf
Newport R. I.



## Special Bargains!

For the next 60 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,
184 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.



SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. MIDY
Sold by all druggists.



## WATER

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlborough street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
## PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co. Mention this paper. Madison Square, PHILA., PA.


## Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

**Prepared, delivered,**

| | |
|---|---|
| 36 bushels, | $4.50 |
| 18 bushels, | $2.25 |

**Common, delivered.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 36 bushels, | $3.50 |
| 18 bushels, | $1.75 |

**Price at works,**

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushs
Common, 9c. a bushel $8 for 100 bushs

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

# The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 191
House Telephone 1030

## Saturday, February 5, 1910.

It is now said to be the purpose of the administration to push its federal corporation bill through this session of Congress.

Washington special says that the problem of high prices is rapidly becoming a political issue, as shown by the starting of a congressional investigation as to the causes, and that congressmen are alarmed by the popular dissatisfaction.

Boston is the most crowded city in the United States. The number of persons per 100 rooms occupied in different cities follows: Boston 144, Philadelphia 141, New York and Cleveland 139, Buffalo 133, Chicago 123 and Milwaukee 115.

It is estimated that less than 1 per cent. of incomes over $200 pay a tax in Massachusetts as provided by the statutes. Tax Commissioner Trefry says his supervisors have found $400,000,000 worth of property which is not taxed in any way.

The trustees of the Peabody fund for advancement of education in the South have given $1,000,000 for establishment of the George Peabody college for teachers at Nashville, Tenn. This is the first money taken from the principal of the $3,000,000 left by George Peabody 43 years ago.

New York now leads all ports in net registered vessel tonnage entered in foreign trade. Antwerp is second, London is third. Ten years ago London stood first, New York second, Hong Kong third, Antwerp fourth. New York has in ten years increased its entered vessel tonnage over 56 per cent.

Chicago packers are endeavoring to keep up meat prices by shortening supply. Some days only 42 carloads of beef are received at Boston, compared with 58 on other days, and in the Chicago yards only 1800, instead of the usual 2500, cattle were for sale. The fellow who will suffer by the boycott is the small retailer.

There is to be no tariff war with Germany. Mutual concessions by Germany and the United States whereby the minimum tariff rates of each country are to be enforced, have brought about a peaceful solution of the difficulty. This is a great relief to both sides, for our commercial relations with Germany are extensive and great harm would be done to the interests of both countries by further unpleasantness.

Although the flood in Paris has receded to practically normal conditions, every effort of the medical authorities for several weeks yet must be directed toward preventing an outbreak of disease. As the waters retreat they leave a slimy trail behind in which disease germs may well be expected to lurk. With proper expert supervision there is ample opportunity for the city to escape without a pestilence, but a little carelessness might well result in a terrible scourge of fever.

President Taft says: "There is in the White House a sense of isolation, due to the fact that generally nobody drops in—everybody comes by engagement. My education on the bench has made me feel that there is no real work which is not sustained—intellectual work—in writing out opinions, and, viewed from that standpoint, I have not had any work in the White House except occasionally when I have dictated messages. But the truth is that executive work is work, not because of the sustained mental effort, but it is work that arises from the consumption of nervous energy and vitality in the rubbing up against one's fellow man."

It is still a small crime in the South to take the life of a Negro. As an illustration of the above statement witness the action of the people of Chattanooga, Tenn., a few days ago. Some two years since a Negro, in jail awaiting trial by the courts for a criminal offence, was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged. The sheriff and his deputies looked on complacently while the mob did its bloody work. They made no effort to save the life of the prisoner that had been committed to their charge by the law of the land. In fact it can well be believed that these officers secretly, if not openly, abetted the crime. For this they were arrested by the Federal authorities, tried, found guilty and sentenced to a short term imprisonment. After serving their time in a Washington jail these convicted officials return to their home and are given a joyful demonstration by ten thousand citizens, and this in a city considered the most civilized of any of the Southern cities. This shows that the public sentiment of the South still considers it an honor to be punished for aiding and abetting the murder by a Southern mob of a colored person, which is a disgraceful state of affairs to say the least. And it is a still greater disgrace when a United States Senator from that same State proposes to leave his place at Washington and go to the State of Tennessee and compel the people of that county to re-elect the same sheriff and his deputies.

## General Assembly.

Many of the Legislative committees are busy with the business that has been referred to them for their consideration, and a number of public hearings upon matters of general interest have been held this week. The Judiciary committee of the House, of which Hon. Robert S. Franklin of Newport is chairman, gave a hearing on the Pawtucket bridge matter, but Mr. Franklin did not sit with the committee as he is also the chairman of the commission which is building the bridge. The same committee has also held a hearing on the proposed redistricting bill. The Senate committee on special legislation held a hearing on the so-called billboard act, which drew a large attendance.

The Senate finance committee has reported a recommendation that the State laws no longer be published in the newspapers, this action being advised for economy.

The State board of education has organized, and Frank E. Thompson of this city has been appointed a member of the committee on libraries and of the committee on teachers' certificates and pensions. John E. Groff, formerly of this city, has been re-elected secretary of the pure food and drug commission.

## Postal Savings Banks.

There is strong opposition to the Government going into the savings bank business on the part of banking men all over the country. They are regarded with disapproval by bank officials generally. They maintain that the one advantage—safety for deposits in remote districts—is not sufficient to alone for the disadvantages. Vice-President Spackman of the Bowery Savings Bank says: "Governmental control is notoriously extravagant and unsatisfactory. One inevitable effect would be the draining of resources of the West to the East for investment. Look at the enormous opportunity for dishonesty in a government savings system with its innumerable agencies and countless officials. If the scheme becomes law it will not be practicable to pay more than 2 per cent. or 2½ per cent. interest, the government bond rate." President Mills of the Drydock Savings Institution says: "The only point in favor is provision of a safe depository for savings in remote places. Money deposited throughout the country will find its way to New York, Chicago and Boston, and thus one of the chief advantages will be removed." President Hurlbut of the Union Square Savings Bank says: "The postal bank idea is wrong in principle, but I do not think it will divert a dollar from savings banks of New York. I should not be surprised if it acted as a feeder to the present institutions. One thing which will probably militate against success is the reluctance of people in rural places to put their money in hands of the village postmaster, who already knows quite enough of their private concerns."

## Control of New Haven Road.

It was reported in a Boston paper this week that the New York Central Railroad would soon obtain control of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road which would carry with it the control of the Boston & Maine. The New York Central would then have absolute control of every railroad in New England. This story is denied and the statement is made that as the New Haven road is one of the great feeders of the Pennsylvania system there is not much likelihood that that company will allow any other road to gobble it up. One authority says: "If this story had said that at some time in the distant future the Pennsylvania might come into this territory through control of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and that the New York Central might seek a controlling interest in the lines in the northern section of our New England States, the author would have come, very likely, to a correct reading of future railroad conditions in this section. Under long-standing agreement between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, neither line is permitted to absorb any railroad that runs through territory controlled by either of these great lines unless by mutual consent or an equal division of stock of the absorbed line between these companies."

Signatures are being obtained to a petition addressed to the representative council, asking that the people be given an opportunity to vote on a proposition to appropriate $500,000 for the erection of a hotel on Bellevue avenue. Under the initiative and referendum provisions of the new charter, the presentation of petitions with a certain number of signatures makes it incumbent to call an election for the purpose of voting on the question at issue.

The new Pennsylvania railroad station in New York, which, with connections, has cost $100,000,000, will be opened for Long Island traffic April 1, with electrically propelled trains to points where the Long Island system has been electrified. The new station will be able to handle 100,000,000 passengers a year.

Mrs. Spencer Trask, widow of the late banker who was killed in a railroad accident on the New York Central, will sue the road for $250,000 damages.

Wednesday next, on the rising of the House, the committee on special legislation will give a public hearing on the factory inspection bill so called.

## Washington Matters.

Washington a Busy Place with Three Congresses in Session—Postal Bank Bill Will Probably be Passed—Mrs. Stonewall Jackson dined at the White House the Past Week—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., Feb. 3, 1910.

Last week there were three congresses in Washington for besides the regular Congress on Capitol Hill there was the Assembly of Governors, and the Civic Federation. Both these extra congresses have departed but the National Board of Trade is here in session, numbering nearly eight hundred members. Not all of this number is here but a very large representative committee which may be called the brains of the organization is here to assist the committees of Congress and the people of the United States in bringing about a reduction in the cost of living. This is the subject which, it appears, is agitating the country at large now and it is indeed a vital as well as a virtual subject. James J. Hill the great railroad magnate says "It is not the high cost of living that is bothering the country and creating anxiety in every community between oceans, but the cost of high living". There is a great deal in his exactitude of expression and he is no doubt correct in assuming that the cost of high living is at the bottom of the difficulty.

Mr. Hill has traveled; he has read and studied and he has heard the eloquent orators of all parties apotheosize the over flowing dinner pail. He knows we feed our dogs more in this country than the workingmen of China and India get to eat. He knows that we are the most wasteful and prodigal people on the face of the planet. The women of Washington are grappling with the subject and a society leader who has been distinguished for her entertainments without meat or strong drink, is very hopeful that the agitation against meat and the boycotts that are prevailing throughout the country may result in a permanent change in the popular diet that will result in a beneficial hygienic condition. There is probably too much meat in the national dietry and there would doubtless be less rheumatism, headache and other uric acid diseases if cereals, fruits, milk and butter, olive oil and nuts were substituted in a greater degree for beef, mutton or pork.

It is said that the postal bank bill will be passed by this Congress. The Bill establishing such banks, presented by Senator Carter, is the one most favorably considered and it is expected that it will pass with but slight amendment.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, the wife of the famous Confederate general who was shot accidentally by his own men during the war, is now in Washington and was this week a dinner guest at the White House where she received a warm welcome from President and Mrs. Taft. Mrs. Jackson is visiting Mrs. Leiter whose eldest daughter it will be remembered married Mr. Curzon then a member of the British Parliament and who was afterwards knighted as the Baron Kedleston and was for a number of years Viceroy of India, an office of great state and importance. The Viceroy used a considerable portion of his wife's great fortune in renewing the ancient ruins of Indian temples, in excavations and the collection and preservation of Indian antiquities.

It is evident that the Republican party is represented in the House of Representatives and the Senate has great anxiety with regard to its political future. Senator Root, diplomatist, statesman and jurist as he is without doubt, has attempted a new role as political manager and is calling to the Republican cohorts in the Empire State to stand firm and flee not. He realizes that Governor Hughes' administration, upholding ideals of purity and honesty in politics, has had a disintegrating effect on the party. The Republicans in Congress here realize that there is danger of losing the next House of Representatives and are doing everything in their power to turn the tide so as to secure a Democratic defeat in the coming elections. But they have also to fight dissension in their own ranks, for the insurgents are protesting against the present organization of the House. The Republicans are hoping that they may be able to make gains in the South. President Taft's evident popularity in some southern localities and the high tariff sentiment in some southern sections, they think, give promise of Republican success here and there, that may be in a degree offset by Democratic gains in other parts of the country.

It is quite unusual to fashionable Washington at least for the question "what shall we eat" to be of greater importance than "where-withal shall we be clothed", but the food question is paramount at present and is discussed in Congress, in the Chamber of Commerce, in the Board of Trade, in the papers and everywhere. The discussion is having its effect and many retail dealers have slightly reduced the selling price of flesh foods, butter and eggs. There is a vegetarian cult in Washington and its votaries see in this agitation the dawn of a vegetarian millennium when cereals, nuts, legumes, butter, milk, and oil will be substituted for the muscular and fatty parts of animals. We have read that the orientals in China live on next to no meat, and that those of India religiously abstain from all flesh foods. Your correspondent has seen life in both countries and can testify from observation on the spot that the cost of what the average American workman spends for food in one day will furnish an oriental sustenance for one week. His wages are three anas or six cents a day and he boards and clothes himself.

Southwestern livestock raisers are agitating an embargo against union-made eastern commodities, in retaliation for the meat boycott. Between the two forces the wheels of prosperity are likely to be badly clogged.

There will be a hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee on Wednesday next on the bill requiring all vehicles to carry lights at night.

Rev. William B. Meenan is enjoying a trip through the South.

She—Confess, now, that you would like to see women voters at the polls.
He—I should, indeed! Either of 'em, North or South.—Illustrated Bits.

"The world wipes its feet on me," said the doormat. "And every man's hand is against me," said the pushbutton.

She—You've seen Charlie's wife? Would you call her pretty?
He—I might if I were talking to Charley.

## NEW SENATOR SWORN IN

Purcell Appointed to Succeed Thompson of North Dakota

Washington, Feb. 2.—Fountain L. Thompson, recently appointed a senator from North Dakota, has resigned on account of ill health and E. W. Purcell has been appointed his successor. The announcement was made in the senate and Purcell was sworn in.

Senator Thompson took his seat in the senate on Dec. 6 last, having been appointed on Nov. 10 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Johnson during the recess of congress. The intention of Thompson to resign had been kept a profound secret about the senate.

## CASH IS TIED UP BY HEAVY DEBTS

### Will Take Anna Gould Eight Years to Get Rid of Creditors

New York, Feb. 2.—For the first time since the affairs of Anna Gould, her debts, and her husband's, have become a matter of international interest, the exact state of her finances has become known.

The information was furnished to the United States circuit court by George J. Gould and were sworn to by him before Special Master Berry, who was appointed to examine the accounts of George and Helen Gould as receivers of the estate of their sister, the present Princess De Sagan and former Countess De Castellane.

The figures show that Anna Gould's debts in 1901 were $6,000,000; paid at time of second marriage, $3,885,143.50; unpaid then, $2,114,856.50; her income in 1908, $475,329.33; yearly expenditures now, $200,000; surplus, $275,329.33.

At this rate almost eight years will be required to pay off the debts piled up against the Gould heiress by her first husband.

## IS GRANTED SEPARATION

Mrs. Brokaw Is Also Awarded Alimony of $15,000 a Year

New York, Feb. 4.—Mrs. W. G. Brokaw, wife of the millionaire yachtsman, was granted a separation and $15,000 a year alimony by Justice Putnam in the supreme court at Mineola, L. I. The separation was granted on the ground of desertion.

The Brokaw trial was one of the longest and most sensational in the history of the state courts. Mrs. Brokaw asked a separation and $2500 a month alimony. She charged cruelty and abandonment.

Mrs. Brokaw attributed her husband's conduct to unjustifiable jealousy and bad temper. On cross examination Brokaw's counsel tried to show that her husband's jealousy was justified.

## SEVENTY-NINE DEAD

Cause of Disaster in Colorado Mine Has Not Yet Been Ascertained

Primero, Col., Feb. 2.—The lives of seventy-nine miners were snuffed out by the explosion in the main slope of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company's mine, and the bodies of forty victims lie in a temporary morgue. Hundreds of people are lingering about the mouth of the shaft awaiting the recovery of more bodies.

The cause of the disaster is unknown and definite information in this respect is not expected until the mine is completely cleared and an investigation completed.

Good Year For Fishing Industry

Boston, Feb. 4.—Last year was the best one for the Boston fish trade since 1905, according to the report of the Boston fish bureau. Just 92,031,750 pounds of fish were brought to T wharf by schooners. Both dealers and fishermen received fair profits.

Guards to Head Off Poachers

Pownal, Vt., Feb. 4.—So extensive have the operations of poachers become among the deer herds in this section of Vermont, that Game Commissioner Thomas has ordered guards posted to stop the illegal killing.

Values Single Kiss at $25,000

New York, Feb. 4.—That Miss Marguerite Smyth, only 18 years of age, was kissed against her will, is set forth in the papers in her suit filed against Israel Lichtenstein for $25,000 damages.

## FOOD IN STORAGE

Tons of Stuff Revealed by Grand Jury's Visit to New York Plant

New York, Feb. 4.—In Swift & Co.'s plant, it was learned last night, the grand jury which is investigating high food prices found stored 460,000 pounds of beef, 50,000 pounds of poultry and a great quantity of lamb, mutton, pork, butterine, sausage meat, hearts, livers and tripe.

Some of the meat, according to James Brady, superintendent of the plant, had been in storage since last April.

The jury will be in session again today. Employes of Swift & Co. have been subpoenaed to appear.

## WOMAN PLEADED POVERTY

Doctors Find $6500 in Her Stocking While Examining Her Body

Findlay, O., Feb. 3.—While examining the body of Mrs. Emily A. Carmen the doctors discovered in her stocking more than $6000 in money and securities and about $500 worth of diamonds.

The woman had been living alone and had been pleading poverty.

Senator Wetmore and Congressman Sheffield have both introduced in Congress several bills providing pensions or increases for Rhode Island veterans.

## Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1910 by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb 5 to 9, warm wave 4 to 8, cool wave 7 to 11. This will be a radical storm of the February type. It will cause a warm wave and a cold wave with a range of temperatures running from a thaw to a breeze. It will be most severe in eastern provinces and northeastern states 9 to 11.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 12, cross Pacific slope by close of 13, great central valleys 14 to 16, eastern provinces and northeastern states 17. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 12, great central valleys 14, eastern provinces and southeastern states 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 15, great central valleys 17, eastern provinces and northeastern states 19.

This will be another radical Feb. disturbance with temperatures going higher and cold wave not so low as in previous disturbance. All the storm waves of Feb. will cause precipitation above normal amounts along a wide strip from St. Louis to Quebec while in other sections it will be below normal. Rainfall will be considerably short of the normal in the southern states, Cuba and Mexico. In middle and western provinces of Canada about normal precipitation is expected from these disturbances.

Many are asking if the comet will affect the weather and crops and I would say very little if any. If it has any effect on crops, the effect will be good. Plant food comes from the atmosphere and the comet might enrich the atmosphere along the plant food line. But that would be bad for animal and human health.

If the earth passes through the comet's tail, it will probably have no immediate effect but may cause epidemics of strange diseases and an increased growth of vegetation through the foreign gases that may come into our atmosphere.

Hunting Truffles as Sport.

Quite apart from the interest of fungi to the naturalist the temptation cannot here be resisted to refer to a method of procuring one kind of fungus, which might take rank among the minor sports. This is the fashion, originating in France, of procuring the truffle by the aid of swine and hounds. More ill assorted sporting companions can hardly be imagined. The truffle grows underground. Pigs are particularly fond of these delicacies and, guided by the scent, will discover them by rooting in the earth. After the discovery of the truffles the dogs are employed to beat back the pigs and prevent them from devouring the spoil. And every quality dear to the sportsman of skill and judgment is needed to control and obtain the desired result from the efforts of a herd of swine and a pack of hounds.—London Outlook.

### WEEKLY ALMANAC

| FEBRUARY 1910 | STANDARD TIME | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Sun rises | Sun sets | Moon rises | High water Morn | High water Eve. |
| 5 Sat | 7 7 | 5 22 | 3 37 | 3 50 | 4 28 |
| 6 Sun | 7 6 | 5 23 | 4 30 | 4 41 | 5 19 |
| 7 Mon | 7 5 | 5 24 | 5 38 | 5 30 | 6 05 |
| 8 Tues | 7 4 | 5 25 | 6 27 | 6 18 | 6 50 |
| 9 Wed | 7 3 | 5 26 | sets | 7 05 | 7 31 |
| 10 Thurs | 7 2 | 5 28 | 6 16 | 7 51 | 8 19 |
| 11 Fri | 7 1 | 5 29 | 7 30 | 8 33 | 9 02 |

Last Quarter, 2d day, 6h. 27m., morning
New Moon, 9th day, 8h. 13m., evening
First Quarter, 16th day, 1h. 28m., evening
Full Moon, 23th day, 10h. 36m., evening.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1857.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

## Deaths.

In this city, 29th ult., infant daughter of David J. and Sarah Burke.

In this city, 30th ult., Frank Robert, son of Frank A. and May H. Donnelly, aged 7 years and 7 days.

In this city, 31st ult., Anne, daughter of Sarah E. and the late John Spooner.

In this city, 31st ult., suddenly, Mary M., wife of William Catlett, aged 35 years.

In this city, 2d inst., at her residence, 58 Prospect Hill street, Catherine J., wife of David P. Hepburn.

In this city, 2d inst., at her residence, 25 Pope street, Ann, widow of William Brophy.

In this city, 4th inst., Fred Kirk, son of William E. and Annie Patrick, in the 11th year of his age.

In Portsmouth, 29th ult., Elmer C., son of Edward C. and Erminie E. Ruggles, in his 16th year.

In New Rochelle, N. Y., 29th ult., Charles D., son of the late Joseph H. and Mary A. Freeborn.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY,

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills,

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 cents

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## CAUSED DEATH OF HUSBAND

### Lawyer's Accusation Against Mrs. Glover in Court

### HIS WORDS ARE NOT MINCED

Declares Woman Was Actuated by Desire to Get Possession of Property—Had Herself Frequently Threatened, It Is Said, to Make Way With Waltham Laundryman, For Which Hattie Le Blanc is Held

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 3.—The Glover will case in the probate court took the form of a murder inquisition yesterday afternoon. It teemed with assertions made by counsel representing Albert R. Glover, a brother, that Mrs. Lillian M. Glover had caused the death of her husband, Clarence F. Glover, for the purpose of getting possession of his property.

Attorney Scott did not mince his words in his handling of the purposes he claimed actuated Mrs. Glover, in securing the making of that last will and testament.

He directly charged, while she sat within the courtroom, weeping, that she had frequently threatened to kill the man for whose murder Hattie Le Blanc, the 16-year-old maid of the Glover family, is now under indictment.

He declared that Mrs. Glover kept a revolver to be used particularly in killing her husband, and that her threats of this nature, following disputes over the property, so worked upon the feelings of Glover that, thus holding fear of bodily harm, he was led under her influence to execute the will.

Mr. Scott said in one portion of his charge: "We do say that she used certain persons as instruments, either with a knowledge of her purpose, or through ignorance of her purpose—she used them to carry out her will."

Hattie Le Blanc took the stand before the session had concluded. The girl prisoner, wonderfully calm, clad in a manner to attract attention even in a street throng, and smiling down upon the great gathering, answered questions put to her regarding her willingness to testify. It will be Monday, however, before she will be submitted to the examination which Scott intends to make.

Samuel D. Elmore, executor of the Glover will, was the leading witness of the session. He declared that he had never acted as counsel for Mrs. Glover, but had merely advised her. He stated also that he did not know of Hattie Le Blanc's presence in the Glover house following the tragedy up to the time when he saw her come forth from beneath the bed, when the officers called there three days after Glover's murder.

It is possible that Mrs. Glover will be called to the stand today. At the close of the hearing, while passing through the corridor, she burst into tears, and friends surrounded her in order that her grief might be shut out from the sight of the curious.

## FOUGHT IN LINCOLN'S STEAD

President's Substitute in Civil War is to Be Honored With Statue

Washington, Feb. 4.—The soldier who fought through the Civil war as the personal substitute of Abraham Lincoln is to have a statue erected in commemoration of his services.

Few people know that President Lincoln sent a substitute to the front during the war, but a bill providing for a statue and appropriating $20,000 for the purpose was presented in the house by Representative Palmer (Dem., Pa.)

The name of this hitherto almost unknown man is J. S. Staples of Stroudsburg, Pa. He died there some ten years ago, and it is at Stroudsburg that it is now proposed to erect a memorial.

## LEAVES DAUGHTER BUT $5

New York Man Devises Estate of $200,000 to His Four Sons

New York, Feb. 4.—"I give and bequeath to my daughter, Fanny Jacobs, wife of Joseph Jacobs, the sum of $5 absolutely and forever, it being my intention that my said daughter shall have no further share in my estate."

Lippman Katz, who left a large estate, in these words disinherited his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Jacobs, in his will, which was filed for probate. He divided his estate, estimated at $200,000, among his four sons, Harry, Louis, Jacob and Alfred Katz.

## THIRTY-SIX MILLION EGGS

That Number Said to Be in One Jersey City Cold Storage Warehouse

New York, Feb. 3.—There are 36,000,000 eggs—enough to provide eight eggs apiece for every man, woman and child in New York city and all its boroughs—in one cold storage warehouse in Jersey City, according to information placed before the Hudson county (N. J.) grand jury in its investigation of the big packing and other concerns which maintain extensive warehouses on the other side of the Hudson river. The eggs have been there since last March, it was learned, together with 100,000 pounds of poultry, stored since April last.

Prosecutor Garvin says that if he can find evidence sufficient to warrant an indictment under the common law for conspiracy to raise prices he will advise the grand jury to indict those who are responsible for holding meat, eggs and other foodstuffs in storage.

# FORGED NAMES OF SELECTMEN

## Former Town Treasurer of Framingham Makes Confession

## WITNESS IN CUMMINGS TRIAL

Lombard So Broken Down That He Is Hardly Able to Give His Testimony Against Note Broker—Does Not Remember How Many Notes He Forged, but Says They Number at Least Ten—Voluntarily Tells Story

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 1.—Tottering to the witness stand on the arm of a court officer, replying to the questions of the government attorney in a voice that could not be heard ten feet away, John B. Lombard, formerly town treasurer of Framingham, now an old, broken man, confessed to forging the names of the board of selectmen of Framingham to a promissory note of $15,000.

Lombard was the third witness called in the trial of Charles S. Cummings, the note broker, who was indicted in the Framingham case and who is specifically charged with larceny on two counts and uttering a forged instrument on one count. One charge of larceny is that he stole $14,440 from the Washington Savings Institution of Lowell while the other charges the larceny of $15,000 from the town of Framingham. One of these charges will be dropped. The other charge is uttering a forged promissory note for $15,000 of the town of Framingham.

For an hour or more before he was called to the witness stand Lombard had been sitting at the side of the court room. Those who knew the former treasurer of Framingham and who had not seen him for some months hardly recognized in this bowed and sad-faced person the fine-looking man whom they used to see. His long gray curly hair hung almost to his coat collar, his face was ashen and he looked sick.

When Assistant District Attorney Wier called out the name "John B. Lombard," he attempted to rise from his seat, but was unable to do so only after a stalwart court officer went to his assistance. Hardly able to drag one foot after the other, he went to the witness stand and was seated by permission of the court. Even that effort seemed to exhaust him, and he had to be given a glass of water before he could give his name in answer to the query of the government attorney.

The witness then told his story, answering in monosyllables when possible, and hardly above a whisper. He said that in 1908 he knew the defendant Cummings and that he was a note broker dealing in promissory and town notes. Then Wier, by question after question, brought out the pitiable confession of the former trusted official.

Lombard was cross-questioned by Henry C. Long, counsel for Cummings. Lombard said he could not remember when the wrong-doing in connection with the issuance of notes began. He first met Cummings when the latter worked for E. H. Gay & Co. He did some business with him and later with the agents for other brokers. He said he felt he was in trouble about two years ago. He had worried a great deal about the matter and his memory was so hazy that he could not remember just how many notes he had forged, but that there were at least ten such notes. He said he had kept a partial memorandum of the notes.

Lombard, continuing, said that he had gone to the district attorney's office two weeks ago voluntarily and told everything about the matter he could remember. Long asked him if it had occured to him if he gave up these facts it might not give him a lighter sentence if he should be sentenced. Lombard said that the had not considered that, and that nothing had been said about any sentence.

## MAYOR'S SALARY ATTACHED

Landlady Claims That He Owes Her For Meat and Maintenance

Salem, Mass., Feb. 4.—Mayor Howard tried to collect his first month's salary as chief executive of the city only to find an attachment had been placed upon the $125 due him on account of an alleged unpaid board bill.

The obdurate landlady is Mrs. Edward J. Colliton, who claims that the mayor owes her something like $59 for meat and maintenance.

### Ex-Lord Mayor's Wife Deported

St. John, Feb. 4.—Without a friend to help her, the wife of former Lord Mayor Ryland of London was deported because she did not have the meagre funds necessary to her entrance as an immigrant.

## MILL STRIKE RIOT

Guns Drawn and Various Missiles Hurled About at Valley Falls

Valley Falls, R. I., Feb. 3.—Policemen were knocked down and trampled upon and sticks, stones and other missiles hurled at men, women and children on their way to work at the Tilton cotton mills by a mob of striking mill hands, reinforced by sympathizers. Peter Tompkins and Andrew Smojeck were arrested for assaulting officers.

A riot of large proportions was under way when police reinforcements arrived, and then guns were drawn by several in the mob and shots fired, fortunately without injuring any one.

## TO PROMOTE HARMONY

Griscom, a "Silk Stocking" Politician, Takes Place Vacated by Parsons

New York, Feb. 2.—Lloyd C. Griscom, former United States ambassador to Italy, was elected president of the Republican county committee of New York, succeeding Herbert Parsons, resigned. He had previously been selected by a special committee and his election was merely in ratification of this choice.

LLOYD GRISCOM.

Griscom is strictly a "silk stocking" politician. He has never even met Governor Hughes, much less Timothy L. Woodruff, chairman of the Republican state committee, or William Barnes, Jr., the Republican leader at Albany. His selection was made with a view to placing a high class man in the position to the end that harmony among Republicans may be promoted

# RIVAL IS THRASHED BY WRONGED WIFE

## Lively Scrap In Court Meets With Judge's Approval

Pittsburg, Feb. 4.—Judge Saam stopped court proceedings here long enough to allow an aggrieved wife to thrash thoroughly another woman who had attempted to steal the affections of her husband. She made a good job of her pugilistic task, after which Saam fined "the other woman" $25 and fined the husband of the aggrieved wife $10.

Mrs. G. D. Thompson appeared against her husband and Mrs. Annie Carver, a handsome widow, but when asked to give her version of the trouble, waded into Mrs. Carver and landed a well-placed right hook to the jaw. This was followed by a left jab and the court officers went to the assistance of Mrs. Carver. Judge Saam waved them aside.

"This woman deserves all she is getting," he said. "Let them fight it out." When Mrs. Thompson finished she collapsed from exertion. Judge Saam declared he is satisfied with his brand of justice.

## MADE BALD BY FRIGHT

Girl Recovers $2000 Damages Because Tresses Have Disappeared

St. Paul, Feb. 3.—For being so scared that she became bald-headed Tillie Ominsky, a factory girl, was awarded $2000 by a jury in the circuit court here. Charles Weinhagen & Co. must pay.

Tillie was employed at a machine which elevated paper boxes to the floor above. In some manner her waist caught in the wheels and shafting and she was drawn tight against the machine.

During the trial physicians and surgeons testified that fright had so affected her nervous system that her hair had died and fell from her head.

## DUE TO UNREQUITED LOVE

Persian Mohammedan Kills a Portland Girl and Himself

Baltimore, Feb. 4.—Elijah Baba Badel, a Persian Mohammedan, who a year ago was a student at the Harvard medical school, Boston, shot and killed Miss Marie Lewson, sister of a Portland, Me., merchant, and then committed suicide by firing a bullet into his own breast.

Miss Lewson and Badal were students at the school of dentistry of the university of Maryland, and the double tragedy was the result of love unrequited because of religious beliefs.

### Paulhan's Close Call

Denver, Feb. 4.—Louis Paulhan had a narrow escape from death when his Farman biplane collided with the fence guarding a race track, smashing through it and coming down in a heap of wreckage on the track. Beyond a severe shaking up Paulhan escaped unharmed.

### To Keep Up Price of Milk

Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 2.—The Portsmouth branch of the Boston Co-operative Milk Producers' association was organized here. It was voted that the winter price of milk of 37 cents per can of 8½ quarts be maintained through the summer.

### Kills Her Boy by Accident

Kidder, N. Y., Feb. 1.—The 5-year-old son of Rev. and Mrs. John T. Greene was fatally poisoned by his mother, who mistook a bottle of carbolic acid for a toothache remedy and gave him a spoonful.

### Lincoln's Birthday Proclamation

Boston, Feb. 3.—Governor Draper's Lincoln day proclamation was made public yesterday. In it he sets apart Feb. 12 as the day of observance, eulogizes Lincoln and states that it is especially fitting that the school children should commemorate the birthday of the emancipator.

# PROPOSITION OF PILLSBURY

## Would Have Government Fit Out Antarctic Expedition

## PROPOSAL TO HONOR PEARY

View That Polar Discovery Was Not Made Under Auspices of Navy Department Taken as Reflection of Petty Jealousy—Friends In Congress Likely to Retire Explorer With Rank of Rear Admiral

Washington, Feb. 4.—Secretary of the Navy Meyer will soon lay before President Taft the proposition of Rear Admiral Pillsbury that the government fit out an expedition for the exploration of the Antarctic. The purpose is not to search for the South Pole, but to explore Wilkes Land, for discoveries of value to science, and to establish American interest in that territory.

Such an expedition could not be outfitted within two years, and in view of the prevailing policy of retrenchment in government expenses, the idea may not be vigorously pushed. Meyer has taken no position on the matter and is desirous only to know the views of the president with respect to it and govern himself accordingly.

This proposition is apart from that suggested by Commander Peary to the National Geographic society, which contemplates a use of the Roosevelt, with as many of her Polar crew as can be assembled, and a dash for the South Pole, starting next fall.

The navy department shows apparently little interest in the plan to honor Peary by retirement as a rear admiral, possibly with the thanks of congress added. The point is made by some naval officials that Peary's polar discovery was made under the auspices of the department of commerce and labor, not the navy department, hence the navy is not called upon to assert itself in Peary's interest.

This view is taken at the Capitol as a reflection of the petty jealousy from which Peary always has suffered among some of his brother naval officers, but will have no effect upon congress except to stimulate his friends there to put a retirement bill through. The navy department will not of course oppose such a bill, while the popular sentiment in its favor will render its passage certain.

Bills to promote Peary to rear admiral were introduced in the house by Representative Allen of Maine and in the senate by Mr. Hale.

## "RACE OF DYSPEPTICS"

Produced by Pet Yankee Food, According to a Stomach Specialist

Chicago, Feb. 4.—Baked beans, hot brown bread and mince pie, generally supposed to be the backbone and mainstay of New England, were given a wallop by Dr. Fenton B. Turck, the stomach specialist, who has just returned from an extensive investigation of food conditions in Europe.

"New England has produced a race of long, nasal-speaking, lank dyspeptics," said Turck. "The statesmen of New England were not the product of pork and beans, but of the simple life which existed before mince pie for breakfast became a typical New England dish. That section of the country, with its pork and beans, hot biscuits, doughnuts and mince pies, is already on the decline."

## LABOR EXCHANGES OPEN

England Inaugurates a New System to Help the Unemployed

London, Feb. 1.—The inauguration of the new system of national labor exchanges, created by the Liberal government as a preliminary step in dealing with the unemployed problem, took place today, when exchanges were opened throughout the country without formal ceremony.

One hundred exchanges will be started started in February, and 150 more during the next six months. Their object is neither charity nor relief, but only to serve to bring men desiring work into touch with employers wanting labor.

### Police Inspector Goes to Prison

Chicago, Feb. 1.—Police Inspector Edward McCann was sentenced to one to five years in the penitentiary for accepting bribes from resort keepers in the police district of which he formerly was commanding officer.

### Ship Subsidy Bill Favored

Washington, Feb. 4.—The house committee on merchant marine and fisheries, by a vote of 10 to 7, voted to report favorably to the house the administration bill on ship subsidy.

### Harvard Man Offers to Build Bridge

Boston, Feb. 4.—A Harvard graduate, whose name is kept secret, has offered to build a new bridge to replace the present structure across the Charles river, near the Stadium.

### Supreme Court 120 Years Old

Washington, Feb. 3.—The supreme court of the United States was 120 years old yesterday and the last case docketed on that day was the 22,000th one since the court was organized.

### A Pessimistic Prediction

New Haven, Feb. 3.—In the course of a lecture here Professor William L. Phelps of Yale university said that a business panic, possibly more serious than the one of 1907, will soon come if there is not an immediate change in the present situation.

## CUMMINGS IS CONVICTED

Five to Eight Years For Uttering One of Framingham's Forged Notes

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 4.—Charles S. Cummings was sentenced to five to eight years in state prison by Judge Bond in the superior criminal court immediately after Clerk Ambrose had read the sealed verdict of guilty, charging Cummings with having uttered a forged note of the town of Framingham for $15,000 and with larceny in that connection.

Stay of sentence was granted and Cummings' bonds for $35,000 will be increased as soon as arrangements can be made with the bondsmen.

During the trial Treasurer John B. Lombard of Framingham, who has confessed to having forged notes of his town for large sums, testified that he had forged several of the notes at the instigation of Cummings. This was denied by Cummings.

## SWOPE WAS POISONED

Doctors Find Strychnine In Viscera of Kansas City Millionaire

Chicago, Feb. 1.—Strychnine was found throughout the viscera of the late Colonel Thomas H. Swope, the Kansas City millionaire, according to a report made by Drs. Haines, Hektoen and Vaughan to John G. Paxton, executor of the Swope estate, here.

The same kind of poison is also believed to have been found in the liver of Christman Swope, a nephew of Colonel Swope, but it was announced that the examination of his organs had not been completed to the satisfaction of the toxicologists and would be continued.

# WOMAN GOT LARGE SHARE OF PLUNDER

## Warriner Paid Thousands of Dollars to Mrs. Ford

Cincinnati, Feb. 3.—About one-fourth of the $643,000 which Charles L. Warriner, the defaulting local treasurer of the Big Four railroad, has confessed to have embezzled was paid by him to Mrs. Jeannette Stewart-Ford and Edgar S. Cooke of Chicago, according to Warriner's testimony in the trial of Mrs. Ford for blackmail.

As calmly as if he were discussing the weather, the witness said that during the seven years he was embezzling the funds of the railroad he was paying approximately $1000 a month to both Cooke and Mrs. Ford.

According to Warriner, he paid blackmail to Mrs. Ford because she knew that Cooke was short in his accounts when he left the Big Four service, and that when Warriner succeeded him he concealed his shortage.

### No Citizenship For Japanese

Richmond, Feb. 3.—In an opinion handed down in the United States court of appeals here in the case of Namyo Bessho vs. the United States, a Japanese, in law, is neither a white man nor a person of African descent, and therefore is not entitled to naturalization in this country.

### Zelaya Sails For Spain

Washington, Feb. 4.—Former President Zelaya of Nicaragua, according to state department advices, has sailed from Vera Cruz, Mex., for Vigo, Spain. Zelaya is expected to go to Belgium soon.


# CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—Home Remedies and Professional Treatment were Equally Unsuccessful.

## TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been. G. B. Helsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

# SKINS ON FIRE

With Torturing, Disfiguring Eczemas, Rashes

And other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest and sweetest of emollients, to soothe and heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), to purify the blood. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Cuticura Soap (25c.), Ointment (50c.), Resolvent (50c.), and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c.), are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, Natal, etc.; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 137 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.



# INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

| | |
|---|---|
| CAPITAL | $3,000,000 |
| SURPLUS | 3,000,000 |

Deposits in our Participating (or Savings) Account on or before February 15 draw interest from February first.

Managers Newport Branch:

ANGUS McLEOD, HENRY A. C. TAYLOR,
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# Tales For a Winter Evening

## Two Pairs of Shoes

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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I DON'T exactly know why Cap'n Jonadab and me went to the postoffice that night. We wa'n't expecting any mail, that's sartin, I guess likely we done it for the reason the feller that tumbled overboard went to the bottom. 'Twas the handiest place to go.

Anyway, we was there, and I was propping up the stove with my feet and holding down a chair with the rest of me when Jonadab heaves alongside flying distress signals. He had an envelope in his starboard mitten and, coming to anchor with a flop in the next chair, sets shifting the thing from one hand to the other as if 'twas red hot.

'Twas a queer looking envelope, more'n the average length fore and aft, but kind of scant in the beam. There was a puddle of red sealing wax on the back of it, with a "D" in the middle, and up in one corner was a kind of picture thing in colors, with some printing in a foreign language underneath it. The envelope was addressed to "Captain Jonadab Wixon, Orham, Mass."

"'Twas in my box," says he. "Must have come in tonight's mail."

I didn't know the mail was sorted, but when he says that I unlocked my box, and I swan to man if there wa'n't another envelope, just like Jonadab's, except that 'twas addressed to "Barzilla Wingate."

"Humph," says I, coming back to the stove, "you ain't the only one that's heard from the Prince of Wales! Look here!"

He was the most surprised man but one on the Cape. I was the one. We couldn't make head nor tail of the business and set there comparing the envelopes and wondering who on earth had sent 'em.

Then we opened up the envelopes, both at the same time. Inside of each o' 'em was another envelope, slick and smooth as a mack'rel's back, and inside of that was a letter, printed, but looking like the kind of writing that used to be in the copybook at school. It said that Ebenezer Dillaway begged the honor of our presence at the marriage of his daughter Belle to Peter Theodosius Brown at Dillamead House, Cashmere-on-the-Hudson, Feb. 3, nineteen hundred and so forth.

We were surprised, of course, and pleased in one way because Peter had done so much for us, managing the Old Home House, our summer hotel at Wellmouth Port.

Well, we see 'twas our duty to go, so we went. I had a new Sunday cutaway and light pants to go with it, so I figgered that I was pretty well found, but Cap'n Jonadab had to pry himself loose from considerable money, and every cent hurt as if 'twas nailed on.

We struck Cashmere-on-the-Hudson about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the wedding, but when we hove in sight of Dillamead—Ebenezer's place—we shortened sail and pretty nigh drew out of the race. 'Twas up on a high bank over the river, and the house itself was bigger than four Old Homes spliced together. It had a fair sized township around it in the shape of land, with a high stone wall for trimming on the edges.

"Well," I says to Jonadab, "it looks to me as if we was getting out of soundings. What do you say to coming about and making a quick run for Orham again?"

But he wouldn't hear of it. "S'pose I've spent all that money on duds for nothing?" he says. "No, sir, by thunder! I ain't scared of Peter Brown nor her that's going to be his wife, and I ain't scared of Ebenezer neither, no matter if he does live in the Manufacturers' building, with two or three thousand fathom of front fence," he says.

"All right," says I. "Darn the torpedoes! Keep her as she is! You can fire when ready, Gridley!"

So we sot sail for what we jedged was Ebenezer's front gate, and just as we made it a man comes whistling round the bend in the path, and I'm blessed if 'twa'n't Peter T. Brown! He was rigged to kill, as usual, only more so.

"Hello, Peter!" I says. "Here we be."

"Well, I'll be"— he begun and then stopped.

"What in the ——," he commenced again, and again his breath died out. Fin'lly he says, "Is this you, or had I better quit and try another pipe?"

We told him 'twas us, and it seemed to me that he wa'n't nigh so tickled as he'd ought to have been. When he found we'd come to the wedding count of Ebenezer sending us word he didn't say nothing for a minute or so.

"Of course we had to come," says Jonadab. "We felt 'twouldn't be right to disapp'int Mr. Dillaway."

Peter kind of twisted his mouth. "That's so," he says. "It'll be worth more'n a box of diamonds to him. Do him more good than joining a 'Don't Worry club.' Well, come on up to the house and ease his mind."

So we done it, and Ebenezer acted even more surprised than Peter.

I can't tell you anything about that house nor the fixings in it. It beat me a mile—that house did. We had a room somewheres up on the hurricane deck, with brass bunks and plush carpets and crocheted curtains and electric lights. I swan there was looking glasses in every corner—big ones, man's size. I remember Cap'n Jonadab hollering to me that night when he was getting ready to turn in:

"For the land's sake, Barzilla," says he, "turn out them lights, will you? I ain't over and above bashful, but them looking glasses make me feel 's if I was undressing along with all hands and the cook."

The house was full of comp'ny, and more kept coming all the time. Swells? Don't talk! We felt 'bout as much at home as a cow in a dory, but we was there 'cause Ebenezer had asked us to be there, so we kept on the course and didn't signal for help. Travelling through the rooms downstairs where the folks was was a good deal like dodging icebergs up on the banks, but one or two noticed us enough to dip the colors, and one was real sociable. He was a kind of slow spoken city feller, dressed as if his clothes was poured over him hot and then left to cool. His last name had a splice in the middle of it—'twas Catesby-Stuart. Everybody—that is, most everybody—called him Phil.

Well, sir, Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away. He'd get us, one on each wing, and go through that house asking questions. He pumped me and Jonadab dry about how we come to be there and told us more yarns than a few 'bout Dillaway and how rich he was. I remember he said that he only wished he had the keys to the cellar so he could show us the money bins. Said Ebenezer was so just—well, rotten with money, as you might say, that he kept it in bins down cellar, same as poor folks kept coal—gold in one bin, silver half dollars in another, quarters in another, and so on. When he needed any he'd say to a servant, "James, fetch me up a hod of change." This was only one of the fish yarns he told. They sounded kind of scaly to Jonadab and me, but if we hinted at such a thing he'd pull himself together and say, "Fact, I assure you," in a way to freeze your vitals. He seemed like such a good feller that we didn't mind his telling a few big ones. We'd known good fellers afore that liked to lie—gunners and such like they were mostly.

Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n Jonadab talking "boat," and when Jonadab talks boat there ain't no stopping him. He's the smartest feller in a catboat that ever handled a tiller, and he's won more races than any man on the cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me if we'd ever sailed on an iceboat, and when we said we hadn't he asks if we won't take a sail with him on the river next morning.

He introduced us to quite a lot of the comp'ny—men mostly. He'd see a school of 'em in a corner or under a palm tree or somewheres and steer us over in that direction and make us known to all hands. Then he begin to show us off, so to speak—get Jonadab telling 'bout the boats he'd sailed or something like it—and them fellers would laugh and holler, but Phil's face wouldn't shake out a reef. He looked solemn as a fun'ral all the time. Jonadab and me begun to think we was making a great hit. Well, we was, but not the way we thought. I remember one of the gang gets Phil to one side after a talk like this and whispers to him, laughing like fun. Phil says to him: "My dear boy, I've been to thousands of these things"—waving his flipper scornful around the premises—"and upon honor they've all been alike. Now that I've discovered something positively original let me enjoy myself. The entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is only begun."

I didn't know what he meant then. I do now.

The marrying was done about 8 o'clock, and done with all the trimmings. All hands manned the yards in the best parlor, and Peter and Belle

*"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.*

was hitched. Then they went away in a swell turnout, and Jonadab pretty nigh took the driver's larboard ear off with a shoe Phil gave him to heave after 'em.

After the wedding the folks was sitting under the palms and bushes that was growing in tubs all over the house, and the stewards—there was enough of 'em to man a four master—was carting round punch and frozen victuals. Phil scarcely ever left us, so we wa'n't lonesome. Pretty soon he comes back from a beat into the next room, and he says:

"There's a lady here that's just dying to know you gentlemen. Her name's Granby. Tell her all about the Cape. She'll like it. And, by the way, my dear fellow," he whispers to Jonadab, "if you want to please her—er—mightily congratulate her upon her boy's success in the laundry business. You understand," he says, winking, "only son and self made man, don't you know."

Mrs. Granby was roosting all by herself on a sofy in the parlor. She was deshy, but terrible stiff and proud, and when she moved the diamonds on her shook till her head and neck looked like one of them set pieces at the Fourth of July fireworks. She was deef, too, and used an ear trumpet pretty nigh as big as a steamer's ventilator.

Maybe she was "dying to know us," but she didn't have a bit trying to show it. Me and Jonadab felt we'd ought to be sociable, and so we set, one on each side of her on the sofy, and bellered "How d'ye do?" and "Fine day, ain't it?" into that ear trumpet. She didn't say much, but she'd couple on the trumpet and turn to whichever one of us had hailed, heeling over to that side as if her ballast had shifted. She acted to me kind of uneasy, but everybody that come into that parlor—and they kept piling in all the time—looked more 'n middling joyful. They kept pretty quiet, too, so that every yell we let out echoed, as you might say, all round. I begun to git shaky at the knees, as if I was preaching to a big congregation.

After a spell Jonadab, not being able to think of anything more to say and remembering Phil's orders, leans over and whoops into the trumpet.

"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.

Well, sir, Phil had give us to understand that them congratulations would make a hit, and they done it.

Old Lady Granby—whew! She got redder'n she was afore, which was a miracle, pretty nigh. She couldn't speak for a minute—just cackled like a hen. Then she busts out with, "How dare you!" and flounces out of that room like a hurricane. And it was still as could be for a minute, and then two or three of the girls begun to squeal and giggle behind their handkerchiefs.

Jonadab and me went awny too. We didn't flounce any to speak of. I guess a "sneak" would come nearer to telling how we quit.

Course we knew we'd put our foot in it somewheres, but we didn't see just how. Even then we wa'n't really on to Phil's game. But we was suspicious a little.

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, getting ready to turn in, "t'ain't possible that that feller with the sprained last name is having fun with us, is it?"

"Jonadab," says I, "I've been wondering that myself."

And we wondered for an hour and finally decided to wait awhile and say nothing till we could ask Ebenezer. And the next morning one of the stewards comes up to our room with some coffee and grub and says that Mr. Catesby-Stuart requested the pleasure of our comp'ny on a afore breakfast iceboat sail and would meet us at the pier in half an hour.

Phil and the iceboat met us on time. I s'pose it 'twas style, but if I hadn't known I'd have swore he'd run short of duds and had dressed up in the bedclothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't noticing, and if it wa'n't made out of a blanket then I never slept under one.

Phil said he was sorry we turned in so early the night afore. Said he'd planned to entertain us all the evening. We didn't burrah much at this, being suspicious, as I said, and he changed the subject to iceboats.

That iceboat was a bird. I cal'lated to know a boat when I sighted one, but a hatiron on skates was something brand new. I didn't think much of it, and I could see that Jonadab didn't neither.

But in about three shakes of a lamb's tail I was ready to take it all back and say I never said it. I done enough praying in the next half hour to square up for every Friday night meeting I'd missed sence I was a boy. Phil got sail on to her, and we moved out kind of slow.

"Now, then," says he, "we'll take a little jaunt up the river. Course this isn't like one of your Cape Cod cats, but still"—

And then I dug my finger nails into the deck and commenced, "Now I lay me." Talk about going! 'Twas "F-a-s-s-s-t!" and we was a mile from home. "Bu-z-z-z," and we was just getting ready to climb a bank, but 'fore she nosed the shore Phil would put the helm over, and we'd whirl round like a windmill, with me and Jonadab biting the planking and hanging on for dear life and my heart, that had been up in my mouth, knocking the soles of my boots off. And Cap'n Catesby-Stuart would grin and drawl: "Course this ain't like a Orham catboat, but she does fairly well—er—fairly. Now, for instance, how does this strike you?"

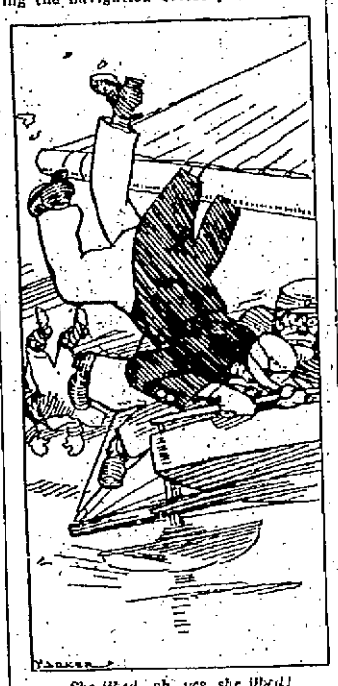
It struck us—I don't think any got away. I expected every minute to land in the hereafter, and it got so that the prospect looked kind of inviting, if only to get somewheres where 'twas warm. That February wind went in at the top of my stiff hat and whizzed out through the legs of my thin Sunday pants till I felt for all the world like the ventilating pipe on an ice chest. I could see why Phil was wearing the bedclothes. What I was suffering for just then was a feather mattress on each side of me.

Well, me and Jonadab was "it" for quite a spell. Phil had all the fun, and I guess he enjoyed it. He kept whizzing up and down that river till Jonadab and me kind of got over our variousness. We could manage to get along without spreading out like porous plasters and could set up for a minute or so on a stretch. And 'twa'n't necessary for us to hold a special religious service every time the flatiron come about.

And in spite of the cold we was noticing how Phil was sailing that three cornered sneak box—noticing and criticising. At least I was, and Cap'n Jonadab, being, as I've said, the best skipper of small craft from Provincetown to Cohasset Narrows, must have had some ideas on the subject. Your old chum, Catesby-Stuart, thought he was mast high so far's sailing was concerned. Anybody could see that, but he had something to learn. He wasn't beginning to get out all there was in that iceboat. And just then along comes another feller in the same kind of hooker and gives us a hail. There was two other chaps on the boat with him.

"Hello, Phil!" he yells, rounding his flatiron into the wind abreast of ours and bobbing his nightcap. "I hoped you might be out. Are you game for a race?"

"Archie," answers our skipper, solemn as a setting hen, "permit me to introduce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Admiral Barzilla Wingate of Orham, on the Cape. The cap'n and the admiral, having sailed the raging main for, lo, these many years, are now favoring me with their advice concerning the navigation of ice yachts. Ar-



*She jibed—oh, yes, she jibed!*

chie, if you're willing to enter against such a handicap of brains and barnacles I'll race you on a beat up to the point yonder, then on the ten mile run afore the wind to the buoy opposite the club and back to the cove by Dillaway's. And we'll make it a case of wine. Is it a go?"

Archie he laughed and said it was, and all at once the race was on.

Now, Phil had lied when he said we was favoring him with advice, 'cause we hadn't said a word. But that beat up to the point wa'n't half over afore Jonadab and me was dying to tell him a few things. He handled that boat like a lobster. Archie gained on every tack and come about for the run a full minute afore us.

And on that run afore the wind 'twas worse than ever. The way Phil seesawed that piece of pie back and forth over the river was a sin and shame. He could have slacked off his mainsail and headed dead for the buoy; but, no—he jiggled around like an old woman crossing the road ahead of a funeral.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racing was where he lived, as you might say, and he fidgeted like he was setting on a pincushion. By and by he snaps out:

"Keep her off! Keep her off afore the wind! Can't you see where you're going?"

Phil looked at him as if he was a graven image, and all the answer he made was, "Be calm, Barnacles; be calm!"

But pretty soon I couldn't stand it no longer, and I busts out with: "Keep her off, Mr. What's-your-name! For the Lord's sake, keep her off! He'll beat the life out of you!"

And all the good that done was for me to get a stare that was colder than the wind, if such a thing's possible.

But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, and when we come into the broadest part of the river, within a little ways of the buoy, he couldn't stand it no longer.

"You're spilling half the wind!" he yells. "P'int her for the buoy or else you'll be licked to death! Jibe her so's she gits it full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know how? Here! Let me show you!"

And the next thing I knew he fetched a hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the way, grabbed the tiller and jammed it over.

She jibed—oh, yes, she jibed! If anybody said she didn't you send 'em to me. I give you my word that that flatiron jibed twice—once for practice, I judge, and then for business. She commenced by twisting and squirming like an eel. I jest had sense enough to clamp my mittens on to the little brass rail by the stern and hold on. Then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the boom came over with a slat that pretty nigh took the mast with it, and the whole shebang whirled around as if it had forgot something. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of locking my mitten clamps fast on to that rail while the rest of me streamed out in the air like a burgee. Next thing I knew we was scooting back toward Dillaway's, with the sail catching every ounce that was blowing. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was the Hon. Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs looking like a pair of compasses and skimming in whirligigs over the slick ice toward Albany. He hadn't had nothing to hold on to, you understand. Well, if I hadn't seen it I wouldn't have believed that a human being could spin so long or travel so fast on his back. His legs made a kind of smoky circle in the air over him, and he'd got such a start I thought he'd never stop a-going. He come to a place where some snow had melted in the sun, and there was a pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, leaving spray like one of them circular lawn sprinklers the summer folks have. He'd have been as pretty as a fountain if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

"For the land's sakes, heave to!" I yelled soon's I could get my breath. "You've spilled the skipper!"

"Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, squeezing the tiller and keeping on the course. "We'll come back for him by and by. It's our business to win this race!"

And, by ginger, we did win it! The way Jonadab coaxed that cocked hat on runners over the ice was pretty—yes, sir, pretty! He nipped her close enough to the wind'ard, and he took advantage of every single chance. He always could sail; I'll say that for him. We walked up on Archie like he'd got down to rest and passed him afore he was within a half mile of home. We run up abreast of Dillaway's, putting on all the fancy frills of a liner coming into port, and there was Ebenezer and a whole crowd of wedding company down by the landing.

"Gosh!" says Jonadab, tugging at his whiskers. "'Twas Cape Cod against New York that time, and you can't beat the Cape when it comes to getting over the water, not even if the water's froze. Hey, Barzilla?"

Ebenezer came hopping over the ice towards us. He looked some surprised.

"Where's Phil?" he says.

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil, and I guess Jonadab had by the way he colored up.

"Phil?" says he. "Phil? Oh, yes! We left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd better go after him now."

But old Dillaway had something to say.

"Cap'n," he says, looking round to make sure none of the comp'ny was following him out to the iceboat, "I've wanted to speak to you afore, but I haven't had the chance. You mustn't b'lieve too much of what Mr. Catesby-Stuart says, nor you mustn't always do just what he suggests. You see," he says, "he's a dreadful practical joker."

"Yes," says Jonadab, beginning to look sick. I didn't say nothing, but I guess I looked the same way.

"Yes," said Ebenezer, kind of uneasy-like. "Now, in that matter of Mrs. Granby. I s'pose Phil put you up to asking her about her son's laundry. Yes? Well, I thought so. You see, the fact is her boy is a broker down in Wall street, and he's been caught making some of what they call 'wash sales' of stock. It's against the rules of the exchange to do that, and the papers have been full of the row. You can see," said Dillaway, "how the laundry question kind of stirred the old lady up. But, Lord, it must have been funny!" And he commenced to grin.

I looked at Jonadab, and he looked at me. I thought of Marm Granby and her being "dying to know us," and I thought of the lies about the "hod of change" and all the rest, and I give you my word I didn't grin, not enough to show my wisdom teeth, anyhow. A crack in the ice an inch wide would have held me, with room to spare. I know that.

"Hum," grunts Jonadab, kind of dry and bitter, as if he'd been taking wormwood tea. "I see! He's been having a good time making durn fools out of us."

"Well," says Ebenezer, "not exactly that, p'raps, but"—

And then along comes Archie and his crowd in the other iceboat.

"Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat of yours? He knew his business all right. I never saw anything better. Phil—why, where is Phil?"

I answered him. "Phil got out when we jibed," I says.

"Was that Phil?" he hollers, and then the three of 'em just roared.

"Oh, by Jove, you know," says Archie, "that's the funnest thing I ever saw. And on Phil too! He'll never hear the last of it at the club, hey, boys?" And then they just bellered and laughed again.

When they'd gone, Jonadab turned to Ebenezer, and he says: "That taking us out on this boat was another case of having fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

"I guess so," says Dillaway. "I b'lieve he told one of the guests that he was going to put Cape Cod on ice this morning."

I looked away up the river where a little black speck was just getting ashore. And I thought of how chilly the wind was out there, and how that ice water must have felt, and what a long ways 'twas from home. And then I smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge load of joy in every half inch of that smile.

"It's a cold day when Phil loses a chance for a joke," says Ebenezer.

"T'ain't exactly what you'd call summery just now," I says. And we hauled down sail, run the iceboat up to the wharf and went up to our room to pack our extension cases for the next train.

"You see," says Jonadab, putting in his other shirt, "it's easy enough to get the best of Cape folks on wash sales and lying, but when it comes to boats that's a different pair of shoes."

"I guess Phil 'll agree with you," I says.

### Not a Business Obligation.

"Your country owes you a debt of gratitude," said the admiring constituent.

"Thanks," replied Senator Sorghum; "the only objection to a debt of gratitude is that it is never secured by tangible assets on which a man can realize in an emergency."—Washington Star.

### The Family Forecaster.

Wife—I'm going into town today, my dear to my bootmaker's, milliner's and dressmaker's. What does the paper say about the weather?

Husband—Rain, hail and thunder storms.—Bon Vivant.

Our little girl was in the garden vainly calling a pet kitten that was up a tree. On account of the thick foliage she could not see that the kitten was climbing higher all the time, but her sister who had been watching from an upper window and could plainly see the kitten called disgustedly: "Minna, Minna, come into the house; you are calling the wrong end of her."—Delineator.

"What do you want for Christmas, father?"

"Going to gimmee a useful gift, as usual, I s'pose?"

"Surely you do not object to a useful gift?"

"Not at all. Make it a ton of coal."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Greatest Financier.

"Who was the greatest financier ever known?"

"Noah, because he floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation."

Think of your wonderful immunity from harm if you mind your own business.—Loomis.

### Foreign Geography.

Children of European birth who were old enough to receive some instruction in geography before coming to this country hold opinions in regard to the political divisions of the earth which all the American geographers and the teachers thereof combined cannot uproot. A New York teacher found that out when she tried to impress upon a young Austrian miss that Columbus is the capital of Ohio.

"It is Cincinnati, on the Ohio," retorted the Austrian maiden politely, but firmly.

Maps and printed text were produced to prove her error. The pupil was in nowise convinced.

"It wasn't that way in our geography at home," said she. And the next day, to uphold her contention, she brought the geography on which she based her assertion. That book was not a perfect product of the geography maker's art, for it certainly did state that Cincinnati, on the Ohio river, was the capital of Ohio.

"But that is a mistake," said the teacher. Then day after day, when the girl was called upon to recite, the teacher put the question of discord, "What is the capital of Ohio?" and day after day, at the risk of bad marks, came the positive reply, "Cincinnati, on the Ohio."—New York Press.

### Whelks' Eggs.

Natural soap is not heard of very often, but it not only exists, but is highly prized by Jack Tar in the tropics when the purser reports that the ship's supply of soap has given out. Then all hands are sent ashore to gather a supply of "natural soap," which is found on the shore in the shape of whelks' eggs. The whelk is a little shellfish, or marine mollusk, which in Europe is eaten like mussels, cockles, oysters and clams, but in the tropics it is more highly esteemed for the soap it provides in the shape of its eggs. The eggs are found in a light yellowish mass which is composed of some five or six hundred capsules. One fish alone produces millions of these eggs in the course of the year. They are found on the shores of the Atlantic, but are very profuse on the intertropical coral reefs, where sailors take large quantities aboard for use as soap.

### Diamond Cut Diamond.

"Patrick H. McCarren," said a Brooklyn lawyer, "knew how to handle men. He met straightforward men with straightforward methods, and tricky men he bested with wilier tricks than their own.

"Once he illustrated his policy to me with a story. He was like, he said, the rich Peter Higgins.

"When Peter was young and gay two friends, being hard up, put up a game on him.

"'Peter,' they said, 'you might pay us that $2 we lent you.'

"'When did you lend me $2?' said Peter haughtily.

"'Why, night before last, when you were drunk,' was the reply.

"'Oh, yes,' said Peter. 'I remember now. But, hang it, I paid you back!'

"'Paid us back?.. When?'

"'Last night, when you were drunk. Don't you remember?'"

### Didn't Lose His Temper.

There was an elderly East Indian colonel whose boast it was that he had a very tranquil disposition that nothing could ruffle. He took up golf, and for a long time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm, but one day, when playing a foursome, he got into a notorious "devil's punchbowl" bunker and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find the ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them, one after another, across a jagged rock. "What are you doing?" cried the party above. "It's all right!" he snorted. "It's—it's better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper!" And the caddie gathered up the pieces.

### Crushing a Lawyer.

De Wolfe Hopper was once a witness in a suit for slander, and the opposing counsel in the court room said:

"You are an actor, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Hopper.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"I don't know, but it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling, may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer," said Hopper.

### Playing It Down Low.

"I haven't much use for Billingsley," said the proud papa.

"Why?" asked the proud mamma.

"I listened to him for an hour today while he told me about what his baby had said or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about ours he left me, saying he had to catch a train."—Baltimore American.

### By Main Strength.

They were listening to a piano solo at a club after dinner party.

"I know a girl," she whispered, "who played the piano, and she had only four fingers on one hand."

"You'd think from the way this one is playing," said he, "that she hadn't any."—New York Press.

### Insulted.

"Have you lived in this town very long, Miss Sear?"

"Of course not! Do I look old enough to have lived anywhere very long?"

### His Obligations.

"I owe Pjenks a call."

"Going there this evening?"

"No. You see—er—that isn't all I owe him."—Cleveland Leader.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

# Home Course In Domestic Science

## V.—Some Breakfast Suggestions.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,

In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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WHEN one has acquired some knowledge of food materials and what their function is in the body the question that naturally arises is what foods should be combined in order to have a well balanced meal. Without doubt every kind of food has some value in the diet and for some people is a good food. The question is who may eat it, how much should be eaten and when. Personal peculiarities must be taken into consideration in the discussion of food and food values. A safe rule for any person to follow is to avoid any food which disagrees with him. There is always something else that will furnish an equal amount of nourishment and fill all the requirements of food. If cabbage and radishes make you uncomfortable each time you partake of

A DAINTY BREAKFAST.

them, why eat them at all? They are largely water, woody fiber, with some mineral matter and flavoring extracts, and any of these ingredients can be obtained from any other vegetable or fruit and possibly at less cost to the digestive organs.

Then, too, the matter of nourishment and cost should always be considered when planning the meals for a day. When cucumbers, which are more than 90 per cent water, are selling for 25 cents apiece the housekeeper is hardly excusable if she provides them for her family at the expense of eggs, milk, bread or some other food from which nourishment is derived. Eggs contain about 14 per cent tissue building material. Dried beans have about 20 per cent of the same constituent. When the former are selling for 40 cents a dozen and the latter for 5 cents a quart it is the part of wisdom and thrift to have baked beans on the table more frequently than omelets or soufflés.

The best all round dinner will include a clear soup to stimulate the digestive juices, a properly cooked meat dish, a vegetable or two—one fresh if possible—bread and butter, to which a simple dessert, preferably fresh fruit, is added. Tea and coffee are not necessary for nourishment or for aids to digestion. In fact, it is better to omit them altogether. Once a day is often enough to serve meat to any family. Even the farmer, who is engaged in active outdoor work will be just as well fed and better nourished if he eats flesh food only once a day and gets his tissue building material from eggs, beans, macaroni and cheese or some other of the proteid foods. Sensible people are learning, even if slowly, that a large amount of meat is not necessary in the diet of even hard-working people.

### What Is For Breakfast?

Many housekeepers consider the bugaboo of their daily work is arranging the menus for the ever recurring breakfast, dinner and supper. They hail with delight any suggestions for new dishes that will furnish variety in any bill of fare. Breakfast is generally a light meal in most homes, but its simple menu should present some variety, and every dish included in it should be prepared with special care. In my opinion, meat dishes should appear but seldom on the breakfast table, a little thinly sliced bacon or a piece of delicately browned fish being the exception. There is generally quite enough starch, too, in the breakfast menu without serving potatoes. For your consideration let me suggest one or two breakfast menus that will be not only appetizing, but furnish the required amount of nutriment as well:

Baked Apples.
Cereal With Cream and Sugar.
Bacon and Poached Eggs.
Hot Muffins. Jam.
Coffee.

Sliced Oranges.
Cereal With Cream and Sugar.
Codfish Balls.
Griddlecakes With Sirup.
Toast and Cocoa.

Fruit of Any Kind.
Bacon and Griddlecakes.
Toast. Coffee.

Any one of these menus affords enough variety to satisfy the most exacting appetite and can be served in quantity sufficient to appease any hunger. The majority of people will not care for the entire bill of fare, which, however, is varied enough to please any taste.

Fruit should always form a part of every breakfast. Nothing else can take its place in spite of the waitress at a certain hotel insisting when I asked for fruit, "We haven't any fruit, but we have several kinds of breakfast foods." Uncooked fruit is better for breakfast than preserves, though much less of the first is seen on the table in country homes. A little jam or marmalade or a fruit butter is a delicious relish with the toast or hot bread at the end of the meal.

A dainty breakfast dish which I have enjoyed at homes where meat never appeared was designated by the simple name fruit toast. To make it toast slices of bread carefully and keep hot in the warming oven. To one cupful of strawberry or raspberry juice heated to a boiling point add one-half tablespoonful of cornstarch diluted with a little cold water. Cook until boiling, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour this over the slices of toast and serve hot, with cream if desired. A cupful of the fruit sauce will be required for each three slices of bread.

### Bacon as It Should Be.

Bacon for breakfast is appetizing and if properly cooked is a dish so easy of digestion that it may be eaten by invalids, and young children may be given bacon gravy. But, like many of our standard foods, it is so simple that its preparation is often neglected and it comes to the table grease soaked and unappetizing.

In order to slice bacon properly it must be cold and firm. Cut off the rind and tough lower skin, then slice very thin. Heat a frying pan until it is very hot, place the bacon in it and turn constantly until it is crisp. Do not serve bacon that looks greasy and fat. It must be dry, and each slice as it is fried should be drained on brown paper before going to the table.

After frying three or four slices or as many as can be done at one time in the skillet pour out all the fat and reheat the pan again.

### Precautions.

Bacon, being nearly all fat, is more digestible than pork, which is part lean and part fat, and therefore is better for persons of weak digestion. Beef and all dark meats are more stimulating than white meats and should be avoided by persons having a tendency to rheumatism.

### A Cup of Good Coffee.

Though I have said that coffee itself is not nourishing, that it would better be avoided by persons of nervous temperament or by those whose digestion is easily deranged, there are a sufficient number of persons to whom the cup of breakfast coffee is almost a necessity to make it important that coffee should be properly made. There are physiological objections to even the perfectly made article, but these can be greatly increased if the beverage is not prepared carefully. Occasionally it is difficult to procure cream for the morning cup of coffee, and when cold milk is used the concoction is most unpalatable. The French and German cooks have a method by which they substitute hot milk for cream, giving most satisfactory results. Cafe au lait, as the beverage is called, is made after the following recipe:

One cup of ground coffee, one egg, one cupful of cold water, five cupfuls of boiling water and one and one-half cupfuls of scalded milk. Wash the egg, break and beat. Add crushed shell and the cold water. Mix with the water and let stand about ten minutes. Add the boiling water and stir thoroughly. Place on the front of the range, bring slowly to the boiling point and boil three minutes, no longer. Add about one-half cupful of cold water after removing from the fire and do not allow the coffee to boil again. Strain into another coffeepot or pitcher containing the scalded milk. When serving add sugar and a little cream if necessary. When cream is scarce this is a most satisfactory method of making coffee.

Cooked cereal or one of the numerous prepared breakfast foods usually has a place on most breakfast menus. If properly and sufficiently cooked nothing can surpass in public favor and in nutriment the time honored dish of oatmeal and cream. But unless it has been cooked a sufficient length of time to insure the thorough cooking of the starch the prepared breakfast foods are preferable.

Cereals should be thoroughly cooked because—

First.—Starch is thus made more accessible to digestive fluids when granules are broken open by heat.

Second.—Heat softens woody fiber (cellulose).

Third.—Cooking improves the flavor of cereals.

Until the fireless cooker came into general use it was sometimes a difficult and expensive test to cook the cereal as long as required without keeping a fire in the kitchen range all night or rising at an unreasonably early hour to start the breakfast. But these convenient little devices have very greatly reduced the time and cost of preparing foods which require long, slow cooking. A description and explanation of their use will be given in a subsequent article.

It has become the fashion in certain quarters to underestimate the food values of most of the cereal preparations now on the market. It has been asserted recently by a very high dietetic authority that ordinary white flour bread furnishes four times the nourishment contained in an equal weight of cereal. The fact remains that these preparations have served and are still serving an admirable purpose in making popular the use of a very necessary form of food.

### A Sporting Chance.

"I'll teach you to play at pitch and toss!" shouted the enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I will!"

"Father," instantly said the incorrigible as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing."—Cassell's Journal.

### The Thief of Time.

Teacher—Johnny, what is the meaning of the word "procrastinate?" Pupil—To put off. Teacher—Right. Use it in an original sentence. Pupil—The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train.—Cleveland Leader.

# A BLOW IN JAMAICA

## Things That Happen When a Big Storm Breaks Loose There.

## A WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.

**It Will Leap Out of a Clear Sky and Level Almost Everything In Its Path—Then Comes a Torrential Downpour That Ends In a Flood.**

"Have you ever been through a West Indian hurricane?" said a man who has lived in the tropics on and off for a number of years. "Do you want to know what the experience is like?

"A hurricane will leap out of a clear sky, swoop down on a city, blow everything in its path flat and pass on. Then follows the tail of the hurricane, a steady breeze blowing in the same direction, but at a much lower velocity. This is likely to continue for many hours, sometimes for many days, and is always accompanied by a torrential downpour of rain.

"I was in Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the hurricane of 1903. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was in my office on the top floor of a rickety wooden building. As suddenly as a clap of thunder the room went dark.

"I had a pretty good idea of what was about to happen and, going to the window, looked out across the roofs. A black cloud had whirled up out of the southwest, obscuring the sun, but the mountains back of the city were still golden with light.

"In less than a quarter of an hour the wind reached us. The first structure that went was a wooden watch tower about 200 feet high that had been used in the old days to locate ships approaching the harbor. It had weathered all previous hurricanes, but this time it went down like a house of cards. Spars of lumber from that tower were carried as far as twenty blocks before they came to the ground.

"Then the spire of the church went, the roofs of a good many residences were torn off, and some fine palm trees in the public gardens snapped off about halfway from the ground. Buildings in Kingston, however, are calculated to stand a pretty severe blow. They are built only a few stories high, and the roofs present a broad and comparatively flat surface to the wind. Considering the velocity at which that hurricane was traveling, the damage was not great. Even my crazy office building withstood it. But the tail of the thing followed, with a heavier rain than I have ever seen before or since. To say that it came down in bucketfuls would be mild. It was as if the clerk of the weather had taken the plug out of some huge vat suspended above our heads and allowed the water to plump straight down on us.

"In three hours the macadam on the streets had been washed into the harbor. The street outside my window was a rushing river as much as four feet deep in places. I saw a cart try to cross it, but with the water above the axle of the wheel and the horse's legs being washed away from under it it was an impossible task, and the driver turned back. Big casks and packing cases were dancing on the surface like corks.

"As you can imagine, I did not get home to supper that evening. It was 8 o'clock before the rain stopped and the water in the streets had drained into the harbor. Even then traffic had not begun to reorganize itself.

"The trolley car tracks had been washed out, and no cars were running. Cabs, however, were doing a roaring business, and eventually I got a cabman to drive me home for three times his customary charge.

"The damage to property in Kingston mounted up to hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the real destruction was wrought in the country districts. Floods wiped out many a negro village and sent the flimsy houses floating down the rivers. The railroads were tied up for nearly a week. Every banana tree in the path of the hurricane was uprooted. Oh, yes, a West Indian hurricane can do a lot of damage when it gets busy.

"Loss of life, did you say? Of course there was. Nearly 200 people were killed throughout the island on that occasion, but we grow accustomed to that in the West Indies. We expect a hurricane every once in awhile, and we know that it will take its toll of human life when it comes. If you had been telling the story you would probably have mentioned that first of all, but sudden death is so common below the tropic of Cancer that we get callous, I suppose."—New York Sun.

### Albion and Columbia.

"Albion, the Gem of the Ocean," was written and composed by Jesse Hammond, an English government clerk official, about 1820 and was heard above all others in the theaters, music halls and on London streets. It is apparent that "gem of the ocean" fits an island more aptly than our large tract of continent, and "borne by the red and the blue" (the red of the British army and blue of the navy) is more logical than the meaningless line "borne by the red, white and blue." The lines of the English songs are almost word for word identical with our version, "The Red, White and Blue."—Exchange.

### Could Do For Herself.

She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and, as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously, but with some inward rebellion, for to a very old and close mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pucker of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:

"Twa were blowin' at her nose,
And three were bucklin' at her shoon."

—Youth's Companion.

### Just a Fit.

In the Ex-Libris Journal an amusing anecdote is given of a man anxious for a coat of arms and fortunate in finding one. A secondhand bookseller bought at a country sale some 300 volumes of handsome but unsalable old sermons, books on theology and the like.

He placed a number of these outside his shop. Soon afterward a well dressed man entered and said, "Have you any more of this kind of books with this shield on them?" pointing to the bookplate attached, which bore the arms and name of a good old country family.

"That box, sir, is full of books from the same house," answered the bookseller.

"What do you ask for them?" inquired the man. "I'm going back to Chicago, and I want to take some books, and these will just fit me, name and all. Just you sort out all that have that shield and name, but don't you send any without that nameplate, for that's my name too. I reckon this old fellow with the daggers and roosters might have been related to me some way."

### Picking a Horse.

A British cavalry officer, speaking of horses, said:

"Give me a free hand and I should pick a roan—that is, for good temper and quick learning. Dark grays and blacks are mostly strong and hardy, and so are dark chestnuts. As a general rule, light chestnuts and light bays are nervous and delicate. A rusty black's a sulky pig nine times out of ten. Then, again, there are 'white stockings,' as they call them. You know the old saying, 'One white leg's a bad un, two white legs you may sell to a friend, three white legs you may trust for a time, four white legs you may lay your life on.'"

This does not agree with an old Yankee saying:

One white foot, buy him;
Two white feet, try him;
Three white feet, look well about him;
Four white feet, go on without him.

Now, however, the American idea is similar to that of the sergeant, and they say, "Four white feet you can stake your life on him."—London Spectator.

### An Ingenious Device.

When Sir Robert Perks' school days were over he entered the office of a firm of lawyers and worked very hard. It was no uncommon thing to find him reading law at 5 in the morning, and this often after he had been working late on the previous night. As a matter of fact, he made it an inflexible rule never to be in bed of a morning after 5. To enforce this rule he invented an ingenious device. This consisted of a long glass tube filled with water nicely balanced over his head and attached by a string to an alarm. At the desired hour the bell rang and awakened the sleeper. If within a few seconds he did not leap from his bed and avert the calamity the descending weight of the clock destroyed the balance of the tube, and down poured the water on his guilty head!—From "The Life Story of Sir Robert W. Perks, Bart, M. P.," by Dennis Crane.

### The Limit.

There is a blacksmith who has a shop downtown and who has a reputation for good work, especially in the making of ice tongs. But he claims to be an expert on any kind of ironwork.

Recently a man dropped in on him while he was working on a pair of ice hooks.

"I see you are an expert on ice hooks," said the caller.

"Oh, yes! I make ice hooks pretty good," remarked the mechanic, "unt I also shoe your horses or do other ironwork yust so good."

"Well," said the caller, "I've got a stove on which the hinges need repairing. Can you fix them?"

The blacksmith drew himself up to his full height and scornfully asked, "Do you think I am a dod gasted jeweler?"—St. Joseph Gazette.

### The Comparison.

Dropping into the Garrick club one afternoon, Charles Brookfield, the dramatist, found a well known actor, who happened to be playing David Garrick at the time, reclining in a chair right under the portrait of the immortal "Davy." Brookfield stopped in front of him and looked first at the portrait and then at the man. "By Jove, old fellow," he exclaimed at last, "you grow more and more like Garrick every day!"

"Do you really think so, Brookfield?" returned the delighted victim.

"Yes," came the crushing retort, "and less and less like him every night."—London Tatler.

### Unique American Families.

The Harrison family, like the Adams family of Massachusetts, on its illustrious genealogical tree carries the names of one signer of the Declaration of Independence and two presidents of the United States, and in this record the Adamses and the Harrisons stand apart in a class by themselves. These distinctions in one family, it can be noted, will never again be equaled. It remains unique in the history of the country.

### An Eye to Safety.

Living Skeleton (president of Freaks' Secret society)—Our organization, ladies and gentlemen, is about perfected. It will be necessary, however, to elect a treasurer. Who shall it be? Chorus of Members—The legless wonder!

### Accommodating.

Jinks—Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man? Winks—My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over and I'll try to make room for it.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of one's inferiority.—Massillon.

### His Landscapes.

A nouveau riche recently attended a picture sale. A friend who had noticed him at the sale asked afterward, "Did you pick up anything at that picture sale, Jorkins?" and the other responded: "Oh, yes; a couple of landscapes. One of 'em was a basket of fruit and the other a storm at sea."

### Made The Most Of It.

An excerpt from Doris' letter: "And, oh, Will, if you weren't the dearest boy! You often told me that you would do anything in the world for me, and now you write for my sake you've quit smoking. I'll have to wait until I see you to tell you what a dear I think you are."

From James: "You write that out of consideration for me you have stopped smoking for good. That was just lovely of you, William, and you may depend that I greatly appreciate it."

From Phyllis: "Billy, boy, it's just rip ping! You're the dandy kid! Just to think that you would swear off doing the weed just for me! It was mighty dear of you, Billy, and it makes me all the more keen for you."

From Marjorie: "To think that you've quit smoking, William! I was so surprised! Of course I always knew that you cared for me, but to think that—you say, you've made this sacrifice on my account—why it's positively noble of you!"

From his mother: "Will, my son, this proves your love for me. Father is enclosing a check to show that he appreciates the fact that you think enough of your parents to give up smoking for them."

From his doctor: "Your letter advising me that you have obeyed my orders and stopped the use of tobacco is at hand. As I said, your compliance * * *."—Puck.

### The Size of Raindrops.

From "Nature and Science" in February St. Nicholas.

Raindrops do not always have the same size or weight, and this is primarily due to the fact that they are not formed like the drops of water that fell from a wet cloth or the spout of a pitcher, or the drops that rush out of the small holes in a garden sprinkler. In all these latter cases a solid stream of water is broken up into drops; but the raindrops are formed in the cloud by the accumulation of minute atoms of water drawn together into one drop, and sometimes by the melting of a large snowflake or a solid little icy hailstone. When a drop is thus formed in the clouds, it begins to fall, no matter whether it be large or small, and observers in balloons state that all sizes of drops are to be found within the clouds themselves, from the finest fog and drizzling mist up to the heavy rain. It is commonly said that the bigger drops fall faster than the smaller ones and overtake them and grow bigger. This sounds reasonable, but no one has really proven it.

### He Had It Bad.

A breach of promise action was tried in Dublin. "The Defendant," observed Mr. T. M. Healy, K. C. M. P., on behalf of the lady, "wrote 140 love letters—don't be alarmed, my Lord, I am not going to read them all. He could not pass a letter box without posting a letter to the plaintiff.

"One evening he asked her if she was engaged. She laughed and said: 'What's that to you?' 'Well,' he said 'I should like very much to be allowed to pay you some attention.' 'You must go and see my mother about that,' she replied.

"'That night,' continued Mr. Healy, 'this gentleman sat down in the hotel and wrote his first love letter to the young lady. In the course of the following six months he wrote to the plaintiff, not merely daily from train and ship, but almost from his bed, letters, telegrams and postcards.'"—London Globe.

### Right of Possession.

A. J. Stugelyn, of the Burns Hotel, says somebody played a mean trick on one of his German customers last week.

"The German had one of those old fashioned fly traps in his place," said Mr. Stugelyn. "It is about a foot high and half the diameter at the bottom. The flies get in somehow and then they can't find their way out. A fellow went into the saloon on one of the hot days and the trap was full. 'I'll give you half a dollar for them flies,' says he, and the German's face lit up as he accepted it and shoved over the trap. The man looked at it awhile, then loosened the bottom and let the flies out.

"'Vat's der matter mit you?' asked the excited German.

"'Nothing,' replied the man as he neared the door. 'They were my flies and I could do what I wanted with them.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Wee Miss—Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball?

Mamma—You are too little.

Wee Miss—Well, I can be a condensed milk-maid.—Comic Cuts.


### For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.


Five and a quarter million people are employed in the world's mines.


A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless and who has cold hands and feet cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.


The actual cost of the Suez Canal was $100,000,000.


Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 60 cents a box.


The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each.


Nearly all are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.


There are 172 telegraph and eighty-five telephone offices in Korea.


Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.


### Edible Flowers.

Most people are apt to regard the artichoke as a vegetable, whereas as a matter of fact it appears upon the table as the unopened flowers of a plant. If they are left on the plant they eventually turn into handsome purple blossoms. This statement has reference to that species of thistle known as the globe artichoke.

Dr. Johnson called the cauliflower "the finest flower in the garden." This statement was accurate, for when the snowy "vegetables" of that name are served they are nothing but the unexpanded flowers of a variety of cabbage.

Among other flowers that are eaten are cloves and capers. The first named are the immature blossoms of a plant of the myrtle order growing in the Moluccas. This takes the form of a beautiful evergreen sometimes thirty or forty feet in height with lovely crimson flowers.

The buds are first light colored, then green, and finally red. At this stage they are gathered and dried. The diminutive round knob in the center of the clove is the unexpanded crimson blossom.

Capers, those familiar trimmings for mutton and other meats and dishes, are the unopened flowers of a bramble-like shrub that grows on the shores of the Mediterranean sea. The trailing plant shows handsome pinkish white flowers with long tassels of stamens. The youngest and tenderest of the buds form the finest capers, known as nonpareil. As they flower they become superfine, capucin and capot capers.

The chrysanthemum is now made the basis of a salad served with a sauce made of cream. Another flower, the lily, contributes in a more solid form to the menu in certain parts of China. There the dried flowers of a particular species of lily are highly esteemed as a relish with meats, especially pork. At Chinkiang on the Yangtse these lily flowers account for nearly one-fourteenth of the value of the exports.—Harpers Weekly.

### The Tears In Books.

From "Books and Reading" in February St. Nicholas.

It is not hard to understand why, when a book makes you laugh, you want to read it and to read it over and over again. But it is rather puzzling to find that one also enjoys reading and re-reading books that make one want to cry. What can there be in us that likes to be made to feel unhappy? In real life we don't try to do things that will make us suffer—not at all! But there are books that you cannot think of, once you have read them, without tears coming to your eyes, and yet you will find that you love those books perhaps more than any others.

To feel deeply is one of the best things in life; and there, maybe, lies the explanation of why we do love sad stories. They make us unhappy in a way, but they do not leave behind any bitterness or sense of personal loss. And they usually have a special beauty of their own.

### Incomprehensible—

"I hate to be contradicted," she said.

"Then I won't contradict you," he returned.

"You don't love me," she asserted.

"I don't," he admitted.

"You're a hateful thing!" she cried.

"I am," he replied.

"I believe you are trying to tease me," she said.

"I am," he conceded.

"And that you do love me?"

"I do."

For a moment she was silent.

"Well," she said at last, "I do hate a man who's weak enough to be led by a woman. He ought to have a mind of his own—and strength."

He sighed. What else could he do?—New York Times.

### Silenced Him.

The young man in the barber's chair had been annoyed by suggestions of the white coated artist, although he had said clearly enough when he sat down that he wanted only a hair cut and a shampoo. Singeing, facial massage and hair tonics had been offered vainly.

Finally the barber perpetrated what is with barbers the crowning insult. Passing his hand over the young man's face, he said contemptuously:

"Shave yourself, don't you?"

"Sure," said the young man. "Don't you?"

And there was silence.

### Verdi's Secrecy.

Verdi observed great secrecy concerning his operas, even to his business associates, and it is said that the first intimation his business managers, the Ricordis, received of the composition of "Falstaff" was offered by Boito, who at supper one night, when the publisher and his wife were present, slyly glanced at Verdi and proposed a health to the "fat knight," at which it seemed Verdi and Boito had been working for months.

Having called the grocer, the butcher, the tailor, the coalman, the iceman, the shoeman, the milkman, the landlord, the dressmaker, the hatter, the glover and all the other tradesmen into extraordinary session, we say:

"Now that the tariff has been revised, you doubtless are prepared to give out some information as to how much of a reduction will happen in the cost of living."

Immediately there arises a hoarse and raucous laugh, which seems an echo of the cachinnations and chortles, which Congress gave to the pies of the ultimate consumer.—Life.

It is astonishing sometimes how unconsciously careless we are of the feelings of the person to whom we are talking. A young guardsman told me the other day that a friend of his went with him to consult his lawyer. The solicitor, a shrewd looking and kindly old gentleman, was listening to an irate explanation of how his clerk had failed to do something that had been expected of him. "Yes, you are quite right, it was his fault," said the solicitor.

"But why are these confounded lawyers' clerks so stupid?" asked the angry soldier.

"I do not know, my dear sir," replied the solicitor kindly, "but would you mind alluding to them as 'lawyers' confounded clerks'"—London M. A. P.


CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

# Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the ollowing rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the query, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910.

### NOTES.

THURSTON. From old Newport Records.

WILL. Daniel Thurston, Newport. Dated July 18; 1712; Inventory presented, Aug. 17, 1712. Mentioned oldest son Daniel, who received land which had been received from "father-in-law, John Easton"; sons Edward, Benjamin, James, John, Peter; daughters Elizabeth Collins, Mary Thompkins, and —— (torn off); executor, cousin Capt. Edward Thurston. — Newport Town Council, Vol. II, p. 344.

ADMINISTRATION. John Thurston, April 9, 1716, to brother Daniel Thurston. In 1726, Daniel being deceased, administration was granted to brother-in-law, Samuel Collins.—T. C. Vol. III, p. 63; Vol. IV, p. 152.

GUARDIANSHIP. —— Thurston, son of Daniel, over 14 years of age, to Samuel Collins, May 5, 1718.—T. C. III, 192.

ADMINISTRATION. William Thurston, Newport. Cordwainer, to Edward Thurston and Sampson Battey, July 1, 1717. Inventory presented same date.—T. C. III, 143, 146.

ADMINISTRATION. Edward Thurston, to son Edward, May 1, 1727.—T. C. IV, p. 176. (This is very illegible, and may possibly be incorrect.)—E. M. T.

### QUERIES.

6589. JONES. PEARCE — Elizabeth Pearce Jones had a grandson named William Thurston Jones, who died in 1797 and was a son of Rev. John Pearce Jones, a Baptist Elder (See Vital Records of Rhode Island, Vol. 15, p. 523.) No Thurston connection having been found in the Jones or Pearce families, nor in the family of the mother of William Thurston Jones (Hope Miller of Providence) it is reasonable to suppose that the connection is through the mother of Elizabeth, who appears to be Amy, the wife of John Pearce or Peirce. Now, who was Amy?

An Amy Thurston, born in Little Compton in 1705, is unaccounted for, and is thought by the author of the Thurston Genealogy to have died before 1787, because she is not mentioned in her father's Will. Three of her cousins who lived in Newport were:

(a) Capt. Edward Thurston, father of Rev. Gardner Thurston.

(b) William Thurston (1680-1717) who married Phebe, daughter of Samson Battey, of Jamestown, and had a son William Thurston.

(c) Jonathan Thurston, who had a son William Thurston, born 1728.

If the Amy Thurston, born in 1705, was not the mother of Elizabeth, this Thurston clue suggests that Amy may have been a daughter of John Odlin or one of the daughters of Samson Battey.

Two of Elizabeth's children in 1771 attended the Second Baptist Church of which Rev. Gardner Thurston was pastor.—S. H.

6590. LAKE — Who was William Lake, "schoolmaster", who bought land in Newport of Handley Chipman, Jan. 24, 1748? He died before 1800, and is called very old. He was a Friend, and on the Friends' Records, of Newport, R. I., are two children, Richard and a daughter who married Thomas Briggs. Would like to know who were the parents of his wife, and when and where they were married. Also would like to know from what place he came to Newport. A Nathaniel Briggs, of Little Compton, was given power of attorney by Joanna, after the death of William. Was her maiden name Briggs?—B. L. N.

6591. SMITH — Who was George Smith, of Newport, mariner, who died about April 5, 1766? His wife was Sarah ——. Who was she?—C. S.

6592. SERGEANT—Who was the husband of Katharine Sergeant, of Newport, R. I.? She was daughter of Robert Kelly, who died 1756, and his wife Katharine. What was the maiden name of Katharine Kelly?—D. F. G.

6593. BROWN—Who were the ancestors of Thomas Brown, whose will was recorded at Newport, R. I., Nov. 7, 1726? He is called Skinner. His son Thomas was the executor. Who was his wife, and what were the dates of birth, marriage and death?—H. L.

6594. MARTIN — Who was Sarah, wife of Bartholomew Martin, of Newport, R. I.? He died 1712. When were they married? Can any one give me a list of their children?—W. L.

6595. ROW—Who were the ancestors of Abraham Row, and who was his wife? He came from Philadelphia to Newport before 1716, and died soon after that date.—A. D.

6596. VAUGHAN—Who was Susanna, wife of Daniel Vaughan, of Newport, R. I.? He died in 1704.—S. A. B.

6597. BUCKMASTER — Who was George Buckmaster, of Newport, R. I., who was executor to the will of his brother James in 1756? Were they married? If so, to whom?—L. B.

6598. DAVIDSON—Who was the husband of Lydia Davidson, of Newport? Her will was dated Dec. 1, 1755; proved Jan. 17, 1756. She was a widow when she died. Her executor was "cousin" Benjamin Sanford.—L. B.

6599. GRANT — Who was Patrick Grant, of Newport, R. I., who died 1758? Administration was granted to Alexander Grant, nearest of kin.—L. B.

6600. STARK — Who was wife of Thomas Stark, of Newport, R. I., whose son Thomas died about 1710, leaving a daughter Sarah, aged 14. Would like name of wife of son Thomas also.—L. F. G.

6601. PAUL—Who was Penelope, wife of William Paul, of Newport, R. I. He died 1714-15.—H. J.

6602. GIBSON—Who was William Gibson, who died at Newport, R. I., in 1716. Who was his wife? He had a daughter Elizabeth, who married Samuel Harris, of New London, Conn.—H. J.

6603. JAMES—Who was Hannah, wife of Joseph James, of Newport, R. I. He died in 1718, and she was administratrix.—H. J.

6604. COLEMAN—Who were the parents of James Coleman, of London, England, mariner, who died at Newport, R. I., 1718-19. His will was dated Jan. 1718-9; proved Feb. 2, 1718-9. His brother John Coleman, of Boston, Mass., was executor. Would like their parentage, and names of wives, if any.—H. J.

### Jamestown.

On account of ill health, Miss Ellen Cottrell has abandoned her trip to Europe.

### Election of Officers.

Henderson Home for Aged Men.

President—Darius Baker.
Secretary—T. Fred Knull.
Treasurer—George Gordon King.

Patrice—You say she is a clever writer? Patience—Very. Why I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers!

### Habits of Seals.

The habits of seals are very interesting. The very young seal is helpless in the water until he is taught by his mother to swim. She takes him into the water daily on her fin and dumps him in and when he gets tired of floundering about places him on her fin again and returns to her camp. When the young seals are well grown they suddenly disappear with their mothers and the bull seals. No one knows where they go, and their return is equally as sudden as their departure. The bulls are the first to put in an appearance at the camping ground. When they arrive they commence at once to prepare a camp for their mates, which they stake off and for which they fight until they die. In the meantime the female seals remain quite a distance from land, floating lazily on the water and seemingly having a good time.

### Ant Eaters.

Ant eaters are in the curious position of being practically unable to open their mouths. It may almost be said, indeed, that they have no mouths to open. There is just a small, round orifice at the end of the snout, through which about two feet of wormlike tongue can wriggle out, and as this tongue is bathed with liquid glue instead of saliva every ant which it touches adheres to it, and the animal licks the insects up by hundreds at a time.

### Not Up to Modern Standards.

"Your wife's new hat makes her look like a queen," said the man who tries to be complimentary.

"Don't let her hear you say that," answered Mr. Bliggins. "I have looked through the histories, and I never yet saw a picture of a queen who looked as if she employed a first class milliner."—Washington Star.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

## Public Hearing.

Senate Chamber,
Providence, Feb. 4, 1910.

### Lights on Vehicles.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act requiring all vehicles used upon public highways after sunset to display lights,"

in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9, 1910, at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 2-5-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

## Public Hearing.

House of Representatives,
Providence, Feb. 2, 1910.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled,

AN ACT in amendment of Chapter 78 of the General Laws, entitled "Of Factory Inspection," and any acts in amendment thereof or in addition thereto. (H11.)

in Committee Room, 302, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9th, 1910, upon the rising of the House.

GEORGE A. JEFFERSON, Chairman.
JACOB A. EATON, Clerk,
Providence, R. I. 2-5-1w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 31st, 1910.

Estate of Florence K. Howland.

HENRY C. STEVENS, JUNIOR, Conservator of the property of Florence K. Howland, of full age, of said Newport, presents his second annual account with the estate of his said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the twenty first day of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
2-5-3w

## Carr's List.

LORD LOVELAND DISCOVERS AMERICA, by the Williamsons.
CAB NO. 44, by Foster.
WHEN A MAN MARRIES, by Rinehart.

The play Seven Days was made from this novel.

WHERE THE LABORERS ARE FEW by Margaret Deland.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.


## Keep the Change.

That's where your saving comes. There's 20 cents in every dollar you can put back in your pocketbook if you trade here. "The Best of Everything" is our purchasing motto. "Lower priced than anywhere" is what controls our selling.

## Parlor Rockers.

Handsome Rockers of quartered oak or mahogany finish, panelled backs, $4.00

Large Mahogany Finished Rockers high backs, beautifully designed, highly polished, $4.75

Willow Rockers, with full roll, apron front, high woven, regular value $5.00, $3.83

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Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

## A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

February 1, 1910, is the Last Day

February 2, 1910, is too late to arrange for listings in the spring issue of our

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.

Call the Contract Department and give your order for service now. An agent will call on you if you desire it. Don't delay, do it TODAY.

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 111 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

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pianos made are always to be found here at lower prices than you can secure them elsewhere. We buy largely and carefully.

We save money in the buying, and we divide that saving with you.

Don't fail to come to us before you buy, as we can positively and absolutely save money for you.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.
149 THAMES STREET.


No. 1565
REPORT

OF the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business January 31, 1910.

| RESOURCES. | | DOLLARS. |
|---|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | | $723,743 32 |
| Overdrafts, secured and unsecured | | 4,135 20 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | | 100,000 00 |
| Premiums on U. S. Bonds | | 2,750 00 |
| Bonds, securities, etc. | | 190,101 81 |
| Banking-house, furniture and fixtures | | 31,000 00 |
| Due from National Banks (not reserve agents) | | 193 75 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | | 27,083 49 |
| Checks and other cash items | | 2,028 28 |
| Exchanges for clearing house | | 3,331 03 |
| Notes of other National Banks | | 4,236 00 |
| Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents | | 888 22 |
| LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ: | | |
| Specie | 15,896 65 | |
| Legal-tender notes | 2,536 00 | 21,432 65 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation) | | 5,000 00 |
| Due from U. S. Treasurer | | 1,100 00 |
| Total | | $910,414 75 |

| LIABILITIES. | | DOLLARS. |
|---|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in | | $100,000 00 |
| Surplus fund | | 65,000 00 |
| Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid | | 24,499 86 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | | 92,600 00 |
| Due to other National Banks | | 3,520 41 |
| Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks | | 58,572 86 |
| Dividends unpaid | 84 00 | |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 336,015 40 | |
| Demand certificates of deposit | 9,518 84 | |
| Certified checks | 264 88 | 346,214 12 |
| Bills payable, including Certificates of Deposit for money borrowed | | 50,000 00 |
| Total | | $910,414 75 |

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of February 1910.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham, Ralph R. Barker, Directors.

## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, November 5th, A. D. 1909.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 4551, issued out of the District Court, of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 26th day of October A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court January 26th A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of September A. D. 1909, in favor of Narragansett Brewing Company, a corporation created by law and doing business in the City of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against James T. Allen of the City of Newport and County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past one o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant James T. Allen of the City of Newport and County of Newport had on the 27th day of March A. D. 1909, at 40 minutes past 11 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded Northeasterly on land of the Island Savings Bank (78.3) feet, Southeasterly on Warner street (37.5) feet, Southwesterly on the land of Aylsworth (21.8) feet and Northwesterly on the City Cemetery (21.15) feet, containing 2323 square feet more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 7th day of February, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of sale, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS, Deputy Sheriff.
1-15-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., January 17, A. D. 1910.

WILLIAM S. CASWELL, the Administrator on the estate of

*HANNAH E. CASWELL,*

widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account therewith, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of February next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.
1-22-4w


Private Wires. Tel. 1820

## B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.
9-26-tf


## NOTICE.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 11 of Chapter 117 of the General Laws of the State, entitled "Of Milk," the following provisions are published.

CHAPTER 117.
OF MILK.

Section 1. Milk shall be sold by wine measure and all measures used in the sale of milk shall be sealed by the sealer of weights and measures of the town where the person so using the same shall usually reside, or of the town where such milk shall be measured for use; and every person violating the provisions of this section shall forfeit ten dollars for each offence.

Sec. 2. The mayor and aldermen of any city, and the town council of any town, may annually elect one or more persons to be inspectors of milk therein who shall be engaged to the faithful discharge of the duties of their office. Every such inspector shall give notice of his election by publishing notice thereof for two weeks in some newspaper published in the city or town for which he shall be appointed; or, if no newspaper be published therein, by posting up such notice in two or more public places in such city or town: Provided that the mayor and aldermen of the city of Newport shall annually, in the month of January elect such person or persons to be inspectors of milk, and may at any time during the year thereafter, fill by election any vacancy occuring by reason of death, resignation, absence from the city, or inability to act.

Sec. 3. Every inspector of milk shall have an office and a book for the purpose of recording the names and places of business of all persons engaged in the sale of milk within the limits of his town. He may enter any place where milk is stored or kept for sale and examine all carriages used in the conveyance of milk, and whenever he has reason to believe any milk found by him is adulterated, he shall take specimens thereof and cause the same to be analyzed or otherwise satisfactorily tested, the result of which he shall record and preserve as evidence; and a certificate of such result, sworn to by the analyzer shall be admissible in evidence in all prosecutions under this chapter. Such inspector shall receive such compensation as the mayor and aldermen and town council shall determine.

Sec. 4. Whenever the inspector of milk shall have reason to believe that adulterated produce or food is being sold or kept for sale contrary to law, he shall take at least two specimens from the same package or bulk as samples thereof, such specimens, if solid, not to exceed in weight one pound each, and if liquid, not to exceed in measure one pint each. He shall take said samples in the presence of the owner or his agent and shall seal and label the same in the presence of such owner or agent, said labels to state the kind of provisions or food and the name of the seller, and shall then and there deliver one of said samples to such owner or agent.

Sec. 5. Whoever, engaging in or being engaged in the business of selling milk and conveying the same for sale, neglects to cause his name and place of business to be recorded in the inspector's book and his name to be legibly and conspicuously placed and constantly kept upon all carriages and vehicles used by him in the conveyance of milk or in the sale thereof, and whoever, being engaged in the business of selling milk and conveying the same for sale, shall neglect to renew such record annually between the first day of February and the first day of March shall forfeit twenty dollars for the first offence and fifty dollars for the second and each subsequent offence; and whoever offers for sale milk produced from cows fed upon the refuse of distilleries or any substance deleterious to the quality of the milk, and whoever offers for sale milk produced from sick or diseased cows shall be fined twenty dollars for the first offence, and fifty dollars for every subsequent offence; and whoever, in the employment of another, violates any provision of this section shall be held equally guilty with the principal and shall suffer the same penalty.

Sec. 6. No person shall sell or exchange or have in his possession with intent to sell or exchange, or offer for sale or exchange, adulterated milk or milk to which water or any foreign substance has been added.

Sec. 7. Every person who shall sell, exchange or deliver, or shall have in his custody or possession with the intent to sell or exchange or deliver, for himself or as the employee of any other person, milk from which the cream or any part thereof has been removed, or which shall not contain two and one-half percentum of milk fats, shall distinctly mark, in letters not less than one inch in length, in a conspicuous place above the centre upon the outside of every vessel, can or package containing such milk, the words SKIMMED MILK, and such milk shall only be sold in or retailed out of a can, vessel or package so marked.

Sec. 8. In all prosecutions under sections six and seven of this chapter if the milk shall be shown upon analysis to contain more than eighty-eight percentum of watery fluids, or to contain less than twelve percentum of milk solids, or less than two and one-half percentum of milk fats, it shall be deemed for the purpose of said sections to be adulterated.

Sec. 9. Every person who shall be found guilty before a district court of violating any of the provisions of the three sections next preceding, upon the first conviction shall be fined twenty dollars; and upon the second, and every subsequent conviction, shall be fined twenty dollars and be imprisoned in the county jail for 10 days.

Sec. 10. Every inspector of milk shall institute complaints on the information of any person who shall lay before him satisfactory evidence by which to sustain the same.

Sec. 11. Every inspector of milk shall cause the provisions of this chapter to be published in his town at least three times in some newspaper published in said town, or some newspaper in the county in which the town is situated.

Sec. 12. Every inspector of milk shall cause the name and place of business of all persons convicted under this chapter to be published in two newspapers published in the town or county where the offence shall have been committed.

Sec. 13. Any chief of police and any inspector of milk, and such special constables as the town council of any town or the board of aldermen of any city may appoint for that purpose, may make complaints and prosecute for all violations, within the city or town wherein they are appointed or elected, of any of the provisions of this chapter; and they each shall be exempt from giving surety for costs on any complaint made as aforesaid.

GEORGE C. SHAW,
Inspector of Milk,
Office, City Hall.
Newport, R. I.

## MILK INSPECTOR'S NOTICE.

Having been elected by the Honorable Board of Aldermen of the City of Newport as inspector of milk, notice is hereby given that I have qualified and can be found in the basement of the City Hall, daily, from 8 to 9 a. m., and from 4 to 5 p. m.

GEORGE C. SHAW,
Inspector of Milk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

## State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22-tf

### Wherein They Differ.

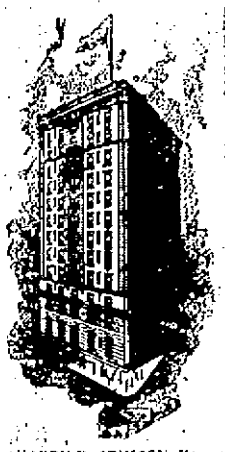
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between a farmer and an agriculturist?

Pa—A farmer, my son, makes his money on a farm and spends it in the city; an agriculturist makes his money in the city and spends it on a farm.—Chicago News.


## Hotel Cumberland

NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET



Near 5th st. Subway Station, 53d St. Elevated and all surface lines.

Near Depot, Shops and Central Park.

New & Fireproof. Strictly First Class. Rates Reasonable. $4 with bath and up.

All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs.

Few minutes walk to 20 Theatres.

Excellent Restaurant. Prices moderate.

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HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.
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Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

6-22—1f

USE

## Diamond Hill BIRD

—AND—

## Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

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Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

6-2-1f

New from Cover to Cover

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JUST ISSUED.

Editor in Chief, Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education. ✦ The Webster Tradition developed by Modern Scientific Lexicography. ✦ Key to Literature of Seven Centuries. General Information Practically Doubled. ✦ Divided Page: Important Words Above, Less Important Below. ✦ Contains More Information of Interest to More People Than Any Other Dictionary.

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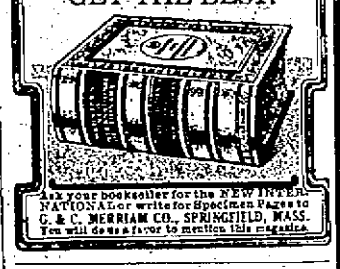

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